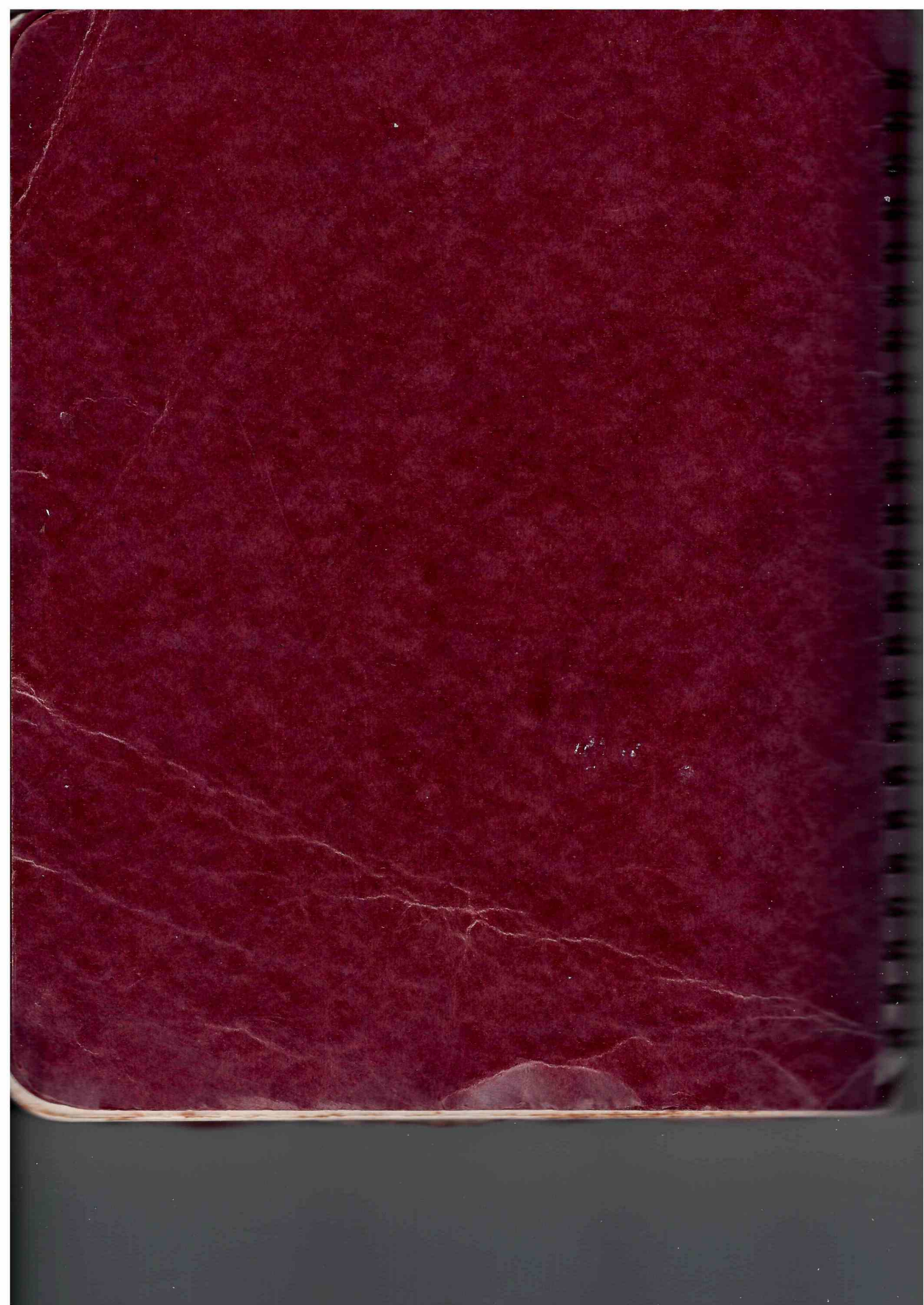


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Stanley G. Smith

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Random Recollection

OF

May 26, 1960

STANLEY G. SMITH

GRANITOID

They removed the sidewalk along the west side of Walnut Street, between Mulberry and Water. It was promptly replaced with one that left more space in which to drive and park cars and less for pedestrians. It was just one of many recent local improvement projects. Seeing men pour concrete and smooth the surface is no longer a novelty.

It was not that way when the section of the walk in front of the Stotlar drug store was installed. It was, it seems, the H. O. Murphy clothing store in that era--and home of the baseball team by the same name. A crowd of interested spectators threatened to block traffic on Walnut street that day. It was a quiet, perhaps puzzled and respectful assembly. A gang around a fist fight or even a dog fight would have taken sides and made an uproar. A little kid had to wriggle in to see what was going forward. After all, someone had to write about it, when the time came.

It was a sidewalk-building job unlike any that had been performed before. On a bed of wet cinders, well tamped down, a goo like mortar was poured on and carefully smoothed down as slick as plaster on a wall. The goo was made of sand, cement and little chips of granite. The granite chips, in bags, had been shipped in from distant quarries. Then, they didn't seem to know that crushed limestone from the prison at Menard would do just as well or even better.

"Thof" Jenner was the enterprising artisan in charge of the construction, and toiling over the laborious cement finishing operation. He was about as hot and sweat begrimed as a man can get. It may have been his first project of that kind. There was another granitoid installation at The Windsor at about that time. Jenner might have liked that one better.

Newly constructed sidewalks, in the familiar herring-bone pattern, with sand beneath and in between the bricks, were then considered signs of opulence. Granitoid was an unquestioned luxury.

In due time, brick walks did become somewhat uneven. Bricks sank. Some were well worn. Some stretches got so rough that the

high-wheeled baby buggies bounced enough to churn butter in the nursing bottle. But, they were far better than the muddy paths that they replaced.

Wooden walks were far more popular. The single-file one-plank jobs did not cost much, and they were better than cinder paths. The wider walks, with boards placed crosswise, were much nicer--perhaps safer for such as, at times, did not walk straight. There were fewer storm sewers or culverts then. Water ran thru open ditches. Where the ground was low, sidewalks and crossings were bridges, supported by posts.

e, Street crossings for pedestrians spanned the ditches at street corners and extended across the street as arched humps that would jolt a buggy seriously. These were made of 2x4s on edge, spaced an inch or more apart. To negotiate them with a little red wagon required some skillful maneuvering. If the tread would fit any two of the timbers, it was hard to travel straight enough to keep the wheels on them. It was a good trick to travel diagonally.

These crossings with the slots between the timbers, and the board walks, with wide cracks between the boards, in due time, just had to go. The gals that wear these spike-heel slippers never would get anywhere.

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Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

June 9, 1960

ANOTHER LANDMARK

Another landmark has disappeared. The residence building at the southeast corner of Mill and St. Louis streets is gone. It was not "Bill Keened" away. Someone, with a tractor, pulled it apart and salvaged such of the material as remains sound.

Old timers will remember it as a neat and attractive frame dwelling, two stories in the front that faced the north on St. Louis street. If they are old enough, they will recall it as the Wallace place--parental home of the late Thomas L. Wallace and his brother Will, also long since departed.

Who erected it, and when, would require some research. But, its destruction reveals that it started out in life as a sturdy log cabin. Parts of the west side and of the front, and a partition a few feet east of the front door were built of square hewn logs. The corners were cut to fit with such precision that only a few of the old time wroughtiron nails had been used to provide additional stability. No marker, or cornerstone appears, but the sturdy logs and other timbers may right well be considered well seasoned.

At some other undetermined period, the cabin had been enlarged and, for that era, modernized. The log partition was sandwiched between coverings of lath and plaster. The outer walls were lathed and plastered over on the inner sides and sheathed with weather boarding outside. Banisters along the stairway to the upper floor would interest a collector of antiques. Some master craftsman fashioned that adornment.

A guess would be that the Templeton family occupied that residence as far back as in the nineties, possibly a little later. To clarify; it was the home of the then elderly Presbyterian minister, then affectionally called "Father" Templeton by his admirers. Dr. J. S. Templeton, who may right well be termed the dean emeritus of the medical fraternity, like several other respected and distinguished citizens, was "Father" Templeton's little boy--but that was quite a while ago.

The Rev. Templeton, insofar as this recollector could testify, always had a long white beard. Heresay has it that he was active in the ministry, and widely recognized, so long ago that he might well be termed a pioneer. Some have recalled that he made his announcements thus: "I design to preach at this place again, next Sabbath, at early candle-lighting." He was not bothered about CST and CDT.

More recently, the Fred Starkweather family occupied that historic dwelling. That makes it the parental home of the late George Starkweather, who for years was in charge of the famous "million dollar" I. C. station at Dowell, when Kathleen mine was in its glory; of the ardent sportsman, "Bud," and the several sisters. They all had two things in common--names that began with M., and, in the words of the poet, they were fair to look upon.

Perhaps none of the occupants of this substantial home never knew just how well it had been constructed. Until workmen took it apart, it was, to this observer, just another frame building that had been around perhaps too long.

Some who called that corner home have done right well, indeed. But, they could have claimed that they had lived in a log cabin, and have gone into politics in a big way.

Sorry this column did not advise them sooner. Didn't know it either.

Random Recollection

OF

June 16, 1960

STANLEY G. SMITH

LOCAL GEOLOGY

An archaeologist, with enough initials following his name, can look at a rock and write a book about it. He knows how long it has been around.

Even an apprentice sidewalk superintendent on the current pipe-laying projects here can make some observations pertaining to geology. The walls of trenches that machines are cutting thru the streets and alleys reveal many changes in the surface elevation. In places, the formation that looks like God made it is several feet below ground level. Man has messed with it for many years.

In Murphy street, at Water, for example, a deep slot was clawed away to make room to tunnel beneath the pavement. Rocks, rotted cinders and broken bricks were unearthed at least six feet deep.

One who could remember when they first began filling chugholes hereabouts could have whiskers down to here. Some of us can recall when that corner looked much different. The half-block the lumber business occupies was the J. Ben Bischof place just as far back as this recollector goes. The big, two-story white house, facing on water street, never seemed to really need another coat of paint. The lawn sloped toward the west and north, and every summer, a big round bed of "elephant ears," added a touch of beauty. The south side of the area was place for customers to leave their teams and wagons while they did their trading, and perhaps, flexed their elbows in the establishment.

West of Clabber Alley--the place say Murphy street--there was Louis Weinharth's barn and his collection of standard equipment. The board walk along the south side of Water street, at that point, became a bridge over a big ditch and the adjacent low ground. What had been the Redfern place, from Water street south to Mulberry, became a part of the school yard, in due time. And, beneath the long reaches of this elevated sidewalk, school kids, at times, enjoyed a form of recreation that no qualified playground supervisor ever would endorse. It is still unlisted in the sports that the schools recognize.

Less angelic youngsters may have known more about this recreation. It involved the use of two small fragments of schoolroom chalk, carved with care into cubes. Penciled dots were made on the six faces of the cubes, in sequence from one to six. The lads who, in turn, manipulated the little cubes, spoke emphatically of "Little Joe", "Fever in the South", "Eighter from Decatur", "Box Cars", "Snake Eyes," and probably used other terminology that the uninitiated would not recall.

The sidewalk served less for protection than for concealment. The players operated under constant threat of apprehension. One lad, striving hard to make his point was asked what he would do if he were sent to the principal's office--as has happened. "If they send me to Corn's office, I throw these out the window. After school, I'll come down and see if they came up eight."

And, on westward, when they dug deep for footings for the new grade school building, it was found that what must have been quite a pound had been filled in. Apparently, there must have been a time when much of the area adjacent to the modern school building was water. Maybe that is why they named that Water

And, the cut they made in the street that parallels the Illinois Central tracks, in the depot area, reveals that the surface there is much higher than it was years ago. The trencher gouged thru many bricks that have been buried for years. One streak of broken bricks would indicate that there had been a brick walk, or crossing, between the depot and the now-departed "Wedge" building. It shows perhaps two feet below the present level. And, it is too far from where Peacock held forth to have been a part of the wide, sheltered brick paved porch that once extended along the railroad or south-west side of that old structure. Maybe the walk was there before the Beaucoup Hill excavation project, and then buried in the work of filling in to reduce the grade. Call an older witness.

9:30 all also Mrs 10:3 Ser Wil M T We o Ty

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Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

June 23, 1960

This may bring a "So What?" from some. Others may like a little reminder of how some scenes were, many years ago.

It is just an alley, now, that crosses Douglas street just south of Decker's Locker plant and store. To locate that for old absentees, that is half a block south of "The Scherle Brick," to real old-timers, "Birkner Brick."

What brought this up is that the new water main was being laid in that alley which was once a street. Anyway, there were two nice big two story houses on it, between Douglas street and the depot. They faced the north--toward the lumberyard that J. L., and may-B. P. Murphy operated.

Some improvement project, in the co-called "Gay Nineties," brought about their removal to Parker street. They found locations west of Walnut and east of what the map calls Murphy street.

Wm. Keene, with a sturdy lowboy and a powerful diesel didn't get to that location soon enough to do the job. John Todd was there. He had the jacks to raise the buildings from their sandstone foundations. He had a lot of rollers fashioned from hardwood tree trunks, and a big long rope. He also had a capstan, or vertical windlass, and a horse to trudge around a circle. The horse pulled the bar that turned the upright wooden cylinder. The rope would wind around slowly, inching the house along on the rollers. Keene does it faster.

As the trencher inched on toward the railroad, the ditch it formed was watched to see if it would hit a long abandoned well. It missed. The well supplied the mill force, and others, with clear, cold drinking water. That was when the unfiltered Beaucoup product coagulated in the glass.

And, near this public well, there stood a low hitchrack, and a big, deep, moss-lined watering trough. Its dimensions are corded, but it was big enough to function as a bathtub, and, times, it did. Tradition has it that, on special occasions, when it

was found that one had tarried too long at the aforementioned "Brick," or at the one at Mill and Parker, or both, he needed the treatment. All in the interest of good clean fun, his associates would escort the offender to the horsetrough. There, with due solemnity, they would souse the offender in the nice cool water, even if they had to break the ice to do it.

The hitching rail that stood near the public well and watertrough served the first of the assorted Smiths that herded figures at the mill. He had Old John tethered there, hooked to little roadcart that some would call a sulky. He labored long after nightfall, one day not long before the Tuesday after the first Monday one November. Political rallies, in those days, were colorful events. A special train brought an enthusiastic delegation from DuQuoin. They marched in marching formation in the street that parallels the

flaming torches and perhaps a flashing flambeau were too close for comfort to Old John--if you know Old John. He was not just a sedate family nag. As "White Cloud," he had raced successfully until an ailment slowed him down. There were those who finished second to him in impromptu races to the next bridge who would agree he had recovered. He had that "Look of Eagles," and he was

With the day's computations completed and recorded, the horse's owner expected to mount the cart and return homeward in style. He found Old John had floundered to the other side of the hitchrail and that the cart was a teetotal wreck. The ride home was bare-back. An explanation of the total loss of the old roadcart was in order. A sympathetic response to the effect that the flaming torches must have terrified the horse, although appreciated, was amended. "Not terrified," said he, "infuriated." It was a Democratic rally.

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Random Recollection

OF

7/7/60

STANLEY G. SMITH

Who tampered the cuds of chewing gum in Billy Dippel's keyhole? There were several hot suspects. For the records, it remains an unsolved misdemeanor. Dippel might have been able to identify the culprit. But, the three-stick gobs he had to pick out of his front door lock were never shoved up where he thought they ought to be.

Some seemed to take delight in playing pranks on Dippel. And, they included his most faithful customers who were his closest friends. Dippel bartered when the clippers were powered by his skilled hand. His tidy little show stood at the corner of his neat front lawn. That would be about due north, across Parker street, from the modern Stanton-McDonald business building.

Dippel was eminently successful. That was duly attested. His rack proudly displayed the ornate private shaving mugs of many leading local personalities of that time. His "tonsorial parlor," as some liked to call a barber shop, was always spotless--and redolent. Aromas of bayrum, witch-hazel, shaving soap and scented talcum competed for supremacy.

All barbers keep their places clean. They have to. But Billy Dippel made quite a fuss about it. To use an old expression, one might say that he was "nasty-nice." When business lagged, Billy did not loll around, strumming on a guitar and humming some doleful tune. He kept busy. Mirrors would get a non-essential scrubbing. Imaginary dust would be wiped off of the chairs. The gleaming tools would get an unnecessary working over. He combatted any tract of uncleanness.

That may have been the reason why the bundle of old clothes he "found" one day caused him so much concern. The little group of Billy's friends and tormentors must have worked on that gag. One of that fiendish crew watched him chance and found the shop unattended. He slipped a bundle of old clothes beneath a chair and waited. When the barber returned, he was informed that he had missed a customer. That caused no small concern.

The patron was asked who had been disappointed. He explained the bleary old bum who had about worn out his welcome on the levee had mooched the price of a haircut and shave and wanted service. He had departed, due to a lack of patience. As the patron described the tramp, he was about as downright filthy and crummy as a man can get--even after many years of effort along that line. He illustrated that, even when offered a dime to buy a needed drink, the panhandler would withdraw and lower his grimy pay to scratch. His diligence indicated there were several thousand of them to turn over. At least a pint of blue ointment was the dosage recommended.

Random Recollection

OF

July 14, 1960

STANLEY G. SMITH

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LEGAL, MAYBE, BUT UNETHICAL

It is saddening to observe growth, expansion and increasing density in population--only in a cemetery. The local burying ground is no exception to the rule that this is a changing world.

Even now, that place is sometimes called the I.O.O.F. Cemetery. That organization did sponsor this essential facility, but that was many years ago. Just when it became municipal has no bearing on the price of coffee. Signs on high arched gateways in a picket fence indicated that the place belonged to the Odd Fellows.

A visit to that area now reveals a well kept appearance. Additions on the east and west would seem strange to such as have been away many years. That makes a lot of grass to mow. Any inclined to find fault with the way the job is done may well consider how it looked years ago. Tending graves was a hit-and-miss affair. Some were neatly trimmed, and that was long before power mowers hummed effectively. A sort of wild hay that turned a brownish yellow waved all summer long over much of the place. Paths that lead to the stiles over the fence at the railroad might be hard to follow. Railroads needed fences then, and cattle guards at the crossings, to keep from buying straying livestock.

It was a civic project, but little if any city revenue went into the upkeep of the place. The man who rated appointment as sexton had the grave-digging franchise, and picked up what he could. Some preferred to have some one else swing the sickle for them.

It was early in this century when the public undertook a united effort to maintain an improved appearance to the place. At one Memorial Day program, a local money-raiser of note, appealed for contributions, and a consistent payment of annual dues. A "Cemetery Association" was born. It was standard procedure, several years, for "Fats vs Leans" to stage a ball game May 30. Old has been risked the agonies of "charleyhorses" and had a lot of fun.

Of course, a group of dedicated, hard-working women had to take over. They raised funds by all the means they could devise. They collected dues from members, including many who had long since left the old home town. They retained interest in the last resting place of relatives and friends--and, perchance, potentially their own. The women got the job done. Orchids to all of them.

It was a municipal institution back when the city had no hall to call its own. Council meetings were conducted in the court room. A more or less enterprising reporter usually attended such sessions. There just might be a newsworthy development. At times, "the press" was the entertainment. One such night, as the city fathers pondered routine matters, and came up with nothing worth a 12pt head, the "audience" was all but sound asleep. The aldermen eventually reached the "new business" stage in the humdrum proceedings.

"Got a petition for an ordinance," the clerk announced.

"Read it," his assistant directed.

"To the honor of the mayor and members of the city council:

Gentlemen, I respectfully request your honorable body to pass an ordinance to prohibit the people in the cemetery from placing bouquets off of other people's graves and putting them on their own graves, and from taking withered flowers, tin cans and glass jars off of their own graves and throwing them onto other people's graves . . . etc. etc."

The man in the press box may have been an imaginative cuss. Some so hold. He visualized "the people in the cemetery" in an unusual performance. The area swarmed with hosts of wraiths, phantoms, spooks, ghosts or "haints" as Edwin Hall would call them. Some scurried about, surreptitiously. They sought and seized nice fresh wreaths of flowers, and scurried back triumphantly to place them proudly over their assigned abodes. Others emerged to gather up, disdainfully, faded flowers, rusty cans and cracked Mason jars. These they hurled, indignantly, and cluttered up adjacent gravelots.

The press section emitted an unholy cackle. That was good for page one, enacted or not. Meeting adjourned.

Random Recollection

OF

July 21, 1960

STANLEY G. SMITH

It all started on an aimless Sunday afternoon stroll. There was a time when people walked as a diversion. Three companions, patrons of Dippel's barber shop, and Billy's warmest friends, chanced upon a little pile of rubbish. They paused to look it over. There is a trace of beachcomber in everyone.

In the debris, one man spied an old discarded razor. The handle had been fractured. The blade was nicked and rusted. "This," quoth he, "ought to be in Billy Dippel's barbershop". A nefarious scheme for a cruel hoax was brewing. A companion carefully appraised the discovery. "A genuine Euhudi," the self-styled expert pronounced it. He went on to improvise that as Stradivarius implies supremacy in the art of making violins, "Euhudi" was tops in making razors. Rare steel--forged from secret formula--tempered by a process that, for generations, had been awarded like crown jewels. It was agreed that only the master craftsman, Dippel, was worthy to wield such a special blade.

But, there should be other tools to go along with it. One came up with a pair of shears that someone must have used as a screwdriver. One blade was broken off, and the connecting screw could no longer be adjusted. And, as a barber also needs a comb, they searched the dump until they found one that belonged there. Some teeth were missing. The goo that forms in between the finer teeth of unwashed combs was firmly imbedded. To one with the aversion to filth that Dippel had developed, a comb like that would be extremely repulsive.

The schemers pondered over plans to effect delivery of the set of tools to Dippel. A "limited, selective offer" idea was worked out. Come-on letters, in the mail of many on sundry sucker lists, provided the plan. There was no intent to defraud Dippel, at least of more than the cost of a round of drinks. With a little help and some collusion, all in absolute secrecy, they arranged to have Dippel get a flattering offer--a rare, imported razor--available only to a carefully selected few--the elite of master barbers of particular renown. That did it.

When the package was delivered, Dippel beamed with pride--until the contents lay before him. Then he knew he had been taken for a ride. That putrid looking comb offended him the most. He promptly tossed it into the stove and scrubbed his hands. "About that comb," he resolved, "I tell no one." He pondered the problem of detecting the perpetrators of the prank.

One jovial customer depended heavily upon Dippel's skill and tenderness. Without the regular and attentive treatments Billy gave him, all the creases that divided his several chins would like blazes. Only Dippel seemed able to prevent a painful rash. It was as uncomfortable as a combination of prickly heat, ivy poisoning, dog mange and seven-year itch.

In for his regular, time-consuming special shave, this customer saw the rusty razor and the broken shears laying on the backbar. He asked Billy what had become of the pale blue hard rubber comb. The question was evaded. When the face and sagging jowls of the customer were duly lathered, and a hot towel had been adroitly folded in place, Billy called for time out. He said he had to ready up his razor a bit. He took the rusty castoff and proceeded to hone it by taking long sweeping strokes up and down the stovepipe with it.

The customer looked on in horror, imagining how that saw-toothed blade would feel on his tender skin. Billy shoved him down into the chair and waved the rusty razor threateningly. "You knew about that comb-- You sent me this razor and I'll shave you with it or not shave you at all." It took some pleading, and a solemn promise that there would be no more such pranks played on the patient, long-suffering barber. The "imported razor" was kept on display as a warning--and just in case. Anyone can take just so much.

Random Recollection

OF July 28, 1960

STANLEY G. SMITH

ALLIGATORS, AND OTHER TOYS

Just who Philip Gruner--Philip The First, that is--ever thought he needed so much space to rear his family might be hard to determine. Three big stories above ground and doubtless abundant cellar space to store the kraut and maybe a few barrels of grape juice. A big house indeed.

At some time since 1854, when the hardware empire started, that old brick homestead was so sturdily constructed that it stands today. It is just a ghost of its former glory. Growth and progress cramped it in.

Where "Rhiny," retired postman, once famous portside pitcher, takes his well-earned ease, Gruners had an extensive lawn. That part of the place was more to look at than for the timid to explore. The area was decorated, as memory has it, with two big round enclosures made of ornamental masonry--stone, and maybe some brick construction.

From one of these, at times, fountains sprayed Beaucoup water into the air. The other needed no "Keep Off" sign for youngsters who were a bit on the wary side. It housed several alligators. The scary looking things were not just little pets. They grew up.

There was a story that one of these monsters escaped; wandered, instinctively, to Beaucoup creek. The owners promptly apprehended the lone escapee. He, or she--who cares--was returned to captivity. But, fanciful infestation of the creek by alligators remained a threat to some youngsters for years. Real waterdogs knew better. They knew every inch of Beaucoup bottoms from "The Lime Kiln" to "Yallerbanks." The late Charles Reisinger, when he labored underground in "Buttonwood" mine, concocted a yarn that the lost alligator had harnessed and trained to pull the little pitcars, but his muscles were as strong as his imagination.

The north part of the Gruner yard was just about as much a public playground as any private citizen ever furnished. Maybe it promoted sales of little red wagons, velocipedes and such. But, primarily, it expressed the parental affection for the Gruner boys. The rest of us just horned in on the fun. And there was a big cage of squirrels that enjoyed exercising on a spinning treadwheel. That way, they got to a cigarbox full of feed.

In addition to the profusion of toys and playthings, there were, at times, such tricky things as trolley slides and coasters, constructed and readjusted for, and by, the Gruner boys. This may have influenced future lives for youngsters who enjoyed such fine facilities. George Gruner--he was junior then--developed into a mechanical genius of note. Callie got into the amusement field with "Kiddie rides," and set up shop to fabricate such enticing contraptions.

It is not recalled that musical instruments were included in the big array of toys, but Barret, ("Bat" to us then,) became a tuba player of far more than local fame. Paul and Heine, the dairyman that seems to work all time--they came along later. Just young squirts.

East of North main street, the Gruners had a spacious, and productive garden. There, in due time, the remains of the last of the alligators were laid to rest.

In the flight of time, a modern medical building was to come into being where cabbages had flourished, and where that 'gator found his last resting place.

George Gruner--nobody thinks him as junior now--remembered the location of the old unmarked grave. As workmen began the excavation, he, who had attended the solemn ceremonies of the alligator's interment, as a sad little boy, watched for remnants of the remains. No trace.

Without any old alligator bones for relics, some of us can recall the glory that surrounded that old paternal homestead; the play ground where all seemed welcome; the Gruner family, from "Old" Philip on down; and just wonder why they didn't chase the lot of us on our way.

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

Aug. 4, 1960

"Shrouded in the mists of antiquity." Sounds good. Flowery. Colorful. It might mean that the writer did know much about his subject. That, or a lack of energy to dig up the facts.

It may be that these shrouding mists obscure all the defects that may have existed, years ago. They may cast a sheen of imaginary glamour. If so, well and good.

Old homesteads here may have failed to rate space in the National Geographic. Guided tours as conducted thru musty, antebellum mansions in the south would fail. Old homes that many may remember well were never sucker bait for tourists. But, it is refreshing to recall them--and the then more prominent citizens who owned and occupied them. Perhaps none of these old timers ever gained world wide, enduring fame. But, in their day, they were the leaders in their home community. That beats being a prophet. The Good Book proves it.

All this leads up to some rambling recollections of a few old homes, and of the folks who occupied them. They were no better, according to Sir Walter Scott, than were, or are, the more commonplace--the vast majority. They were just more affluent, more prominent and thereby more memorable.

Of these old, half-forgotten places, the southern most--and the most "Southern," would have to be the big old "Murphy Mansion." If standing now, it might be called something else--ruins, maybe. It would be hard to rent today, but it was palatial in its time. There is a well-kept, shady lawn across the tracks from the I. C. depot. That is where it stood in all its grandeur. All it lacked of looking like the Southern Mansions in the books was a row of tall, round, white columns supporting a wide veranda, porch or "gallery," shedding in a lot of the front yard.

The "Blue Grass" flavor was not lacking from the scene. In the rear, there were big barns that were, at times, the homes of standardbreds. No one would hold that horses made the Murphys wealthy. There were other interests--as the sale bills say, "too numerous to mention." The horses, too, had their admirers. That applies, particularly, to one deemed dowager queen of the strain--the little pacing mare called Tazukah. She raced when they had to go the best three heats in five. Maybe short of Grand Circuit caliber on the long stretches of mile ovals, but consistently depend-

able. On the county fair circuit, she would take the "bull-ring" turns, free-legged, like a rat running around a rain barrel. Blade Shurlock made you put up two to win one--on the nose.

There was class to the turnout that would emerge from the shady gravel drives that curved around the big brick mansion. Wm. K. Murphy drove trotters that could strut standing still. The carriage was a beauty--patent leather and nickel-plated lamps. Livery stables did not have that kind. It was swung low. The springs had just the right resiliency to sway comfortably for his passenger, Mrs. Penina, long a patient invalid. When they took their occasional drives, they went in style. All respected them. Some may have had a touch of envy--save for the disability endured by the grand old lady that intimate friends called "Aunt Nine."

That carriage rated its own place at the fair. The family driving horse, retired from the turf, and blind, enjoyed the races. From his spot at the rail, his nostrils savored the aroma of Kitchell's witch-hazel, Spohn's, neetsfoot oil and horse sweat, an inimitable blend. His ears, cocked forward, swiveled to drink in the rhythmic symphony of pounding hooves as the field swept by. He would break out in a nervous sweat, and doubtless yearned to have a drawgate open so that he could again step out and show them all the way.

No dogfood factory desecrated his remains. He took his ease in his declining years, fetlock deep in lush bluegrass. He was entirely blind, but from memory, he trudged out for himself, an oval towing. An engineer could not design one with greater geometric precision. He walked that oval proudly, even in eternal darkness. He remained a racehorse to the last.

Not all are like that.

And, there was another Murphy 'mansion.' It was not so magnificent as the home of Wm. K., but it was more artistically pretentious. That was the home of Cap't. J. L. and Mrs. Louise Carter Murphy "Aunt Lou" to many.

That old historic home stood at the southwest corner of Mill and Randolph Streets. It nestled proudly beneath big shade trees, now long gone. The house was a splendid example of the knickknack and gingerbread type of architecture. J. L. was in the lumber business. In planning it, he must have selected all of the fancy scrollwork in the book and then dreamed up some more of his own. They kept it painted a sort of tannish brown, and it must have been a pain in the neck to paint all the little curlicues that adorned it.

The bluegrass lawn beneath the trees was another asset. It has been recorded, that on that lawn, the Murphys entertained Belleville's Bavarian Band, when it played the county fair--and that it was quite a party. They liked music, and knew how to entertain.

"Niger John," the handiman, cared for that lawn, artistically. He never saw a power mower. He used a scythe. It was not the stubby kind for weeds and brush. It had a long grass blade. He kept it as sharp as a razor. He used up a lot of time leaning on the crooked handle and stroking the keen blade with a file. And, he sheared the grass as smoothly as a skilled barber snips a "flat-top." And, John would find time to promulgate thusly: When ye see a ol' hin a scratchin, That am a sho sign that dar are a bug dar, Unless, sah, dar am bin a previous hin dar sah. In which case, dat bug am gone--sho as yo bomed. "May have been a text on the "Early Bird" theme, or it may have been meaningless, but it was funny to John.

Aunt Lou occupied the home long after J. L. had passed on. It always was a social center. The "chipper" old sister was a natural social leader, a pianist of note, and she liked to coach amateur theatricals. She would relate many stories about the home talent shows of former years. It is a shame she did not put them in print for those who came on later.

Rehearsal session there always turned into gay parties. "Aunt Lou"

kept the coffee brewing, and always came up with some lunch. Assistant hostess would be her niece, Virginia--not just useful, also as ornamental as they ever make them.

The semi-latticed east veranda was a cozy place for Mrs. Murphy, her aged mother, Mrs. Melissa Carter, and Nora Ozburn to sit and rock and chatter. "Aunt Lou" always had a cheery howdedo for passers by. Yes, "Chipper" was the word for that grand old lady.

The long-departed Cap't. Joe was one-time mayor--believes he was the first one under the city form of government. A portrait of him would rate a spot in City Hall. And, he went to the legislature. About that epoch in his career, there is a legend that may have been just a political canard, but it seems to make some sense.

The story was that, as a candidate, Murphy promised to support some measure that was the current "paramont issue." That plank elected him. And, when he got to Springfield, his mind was changed entirely. He learned things that he had not known before. He found out that to support the measure would just be downright foolish. To oppose it would brand him as a liar.

Joe's brother, Wm. K., undisputed kingpin of the family, was a man with a legal mind, plus acumen, and that is a good word for it. Joe put the problem up to him; that, bluntly, if he kept his campaign promise he would be a fool--one of a familiar brand of variety. If he opposed it, he would be a specific kind of a liar.

Brotherly advice was provided promptly and emphatically, and it was to so vote as to avoid being the specific sort of a fool signified.

Most any politician is, at times, branded as a liar. Insofar as is recalled, there were no fools, of any brand, in the entire Murphy family.

Random Recollection

OF August 11, 1960

STANLEY G. SMITH

55
Random Recollection

OF

8/18/60

STANLEY G. SMITH

There was another more or less outstanding homestead on West Randolph Street. That would be the residence of Cap't. Wm. McNeil and his portly wife Mary, That title, Captain, following "The Rebellion," that one or two former citizens admittedly "put down," carried a lot of weight. Commissions, it seems were awarded less on academic grades than on--well, fortitude sounds better.

The big, white, frame, two-story residence always seemed to gleam invitingly. In season, flowers and ornamental vegetation enhanced its architectural beauty. At the doorway, a pair of big blue and white mottled urns held blooming geraniums, or something. The yard was bigger then. It extended east to Mill Street.

Many of the old residents, at that time, with yards that big, would set out a big patch of what they would call kraut, even in growing stage. They were perhaps a bit more energetic than the dignified captain, and maybe a little more on the frugal side. They would shred the cabbage, salt and tramp it down, and stow away a few barrels of kraut, just in case of sickness.

The McNeil yard was different. It was purely an ornamental lawn. Flowering shrubs and such grew around the sides and at the rear. In the center, there always was a big round clump of a greenish streaked grass. Mighty pretty, but it must have been a lot of work for someone.

The good captain was not around so long. Aside from his activity in the lumber business, in connection with the Murphy interests, on the levee, he is recalled only as the Baptist Sunday School superintendent, and the way he talked before that assembly. What he said does not come readily to mind, but he had the speed of a tobacco auctioneer. He wasn't, or he would have been called Colonel.

The good Sister McNeil, when in her prime, was rather on the corpulent side. Nobody counted calories then, or knew about them. It would have been more diplomatic then, than know, to say that she was just plain fat. It may have been a slight handicap. Around the quilting frame of the Dorcas society, others could reach to stitch farther out. Her arms may have been quite as long, but she just protruded more.

They wore them black and long, in those days--down to the reputedly, there were numerous petticoats

They wore them black and long, in those days--down to the ground. And, reputedly, there were numerous petticoats concealed beneath the extended skirts. There was so much of Mrs. McNeil just below the waistline that, when she minced down the street, the knee action of her limited stride just failed to undulate the somber skirt. It gave the impression that she was just coasting along on wheels.

At a time when the church coffers ran low, the old organ seemed about to gasp its last harmonious chorus. The little girl that played it faithfully had to tramp the well-worn peddles, double-time, to build up the air pressure required. The bellows leaded at the

seams. In boss doctor parlance, it had the heaves. A new piano, the first the congregation owned, replaced it. All, or most all, was a McNeil donation. Stars in her crown.

Then, there was the time that the good Sister McNeil, along with others of the Dorcas Society, visited an ailing, shut-in member of the faith. Chairs in the living room were all filled--some right well filled. A little toddler who should have been elsewhere, failed to find a place to squat. The portly sister, out of motherly instinct, urged the lad to sit upon her lap. The refusal was silent but emphatic. Pressed for a reason, he stammered out, "Cause you ain't got no lap."

Such a breach of manners had to be reported to the sterner parent. Punishment was indicated. No exception was taken to the observation that revealed a trace of mechanical aptitude. All have the right to express an opinion. But--to commit such atrocious malhem on the English language in that home--was unpardonable.

Random Recollection

OF

8/25/60

56

STANLEY G. SMITH

The corps of engineers, of the local, sidewalk variety, that is, enjoyed a brief inspection of the public well that, for unnumbered years, was part of the lives of many. Excavation for the street-widening project, along the south side of the public square, revealed the source of refreshment enjoyed by countless representatives of several generations.

One need not be a doddering, bewhiskered patriarch to recollect the old town pump that rattled so gaily when in operation. Or, to recall the cool, refreshing water it provided. The old public well held an inexhaustible supply. And, like the "Herbs of Life," or his shows nearby, it was "good for all the aches and pains and ills that man or beast is heir to." Teams, or saddle nags of travelers, drank deeply from the tub that stood at the Water street curb, and liked it.

The cup provided for all comers dangled from an adjacent post that supported the wooden awning which sheltered the wide brick walk. The cup, about quart-size, was on a chain. It was just part of the act, when thirsts were quenched, to toss the cup so that the chain would spiral around the gaspipe porth support.

That well, one of several in the business section, seemed to be the most popular drinking place--and meeting place--by far. There, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the washed and the unwashed all met on a common level. Some may have been a bit germ-conscious and would attempt to limit contact with the rounded rim of the big, badly dented cup, to a small space as near the handle as possible. The preceeding drinker may have had thyroid, yellow fever, cholera, and bubonic plague, leprosy, or even something serious, but if any epidemic ever was created by this promiscuity, the evidence is not immediately available.

Little kids liked the old well too. They had their own way of drinking from the pump. One would work the clanking pump-handle with all the strength and vigor at his command. Others, in turn, would seal the spout end with the sweaty palm of a grimy hand, and release a powerful squirt of cold water toward his mouth. What missed, and flushed over a dirty face, had no ill effect.

Before imbibing of the clear, cold water, many, in those days, would first discard well masticated brownish cuds. It might be of the more aristocratic Piper Heidsiek, the gooie kind; Drummonds,

the thin, dry, natural leaf--more likely one of the old standbys; star, horse-shoe, climax, battle-axe a store-boughten twist or the home product, the potent S. Q. or P. The well was no respecter of persons--and vica-versa.

The public well, the town pump, the common drinking cup, like many other ancient institutions, gave way to progress. How long this one old well had served, perhaps nobody could determine now. Inspection of the curbing, built of stone, revealed that the construction was a work of art performed by some now unknown master craftsman. It may well be that local lads, before de-arting to "put down the rebellion," drank heartily at that old well, and wondered when--or if--they might return for more.

Random Recollection

OF

9/1/60

STANLEY G. SMITH

9/1/60

57

Other minds may still retain more specific information about the character known as Old Man Baehr. That is what he called himself. Research reveals that his given name was Frederick. What served as sentences in his broken or pulverized English--began and ended with an "Yis Yis." Those who should know said he murdered English and that what he did to German was much worse.

In pondering the little recalled, or determined about Baehr, the questions that come up outnumber the answers. Lack of information breeds conjecture. He was a man of mystery.

It would be hard to prove that Baehr was not just another ignorant immigrant. Many, unfamiliar with the ways of his, their, adopted and beloved country, were right well schooled in the old world. Baehr may have been, but it didn't show.

In his Sunday best, Baehr looked like a stage tramp. Pants, from some store, much too big, had the appearance of big baggy bloomers. He tied strings around the ankles. And, in his working clothes, he may have patterned after a medieval peasant. In the field, his garb was a one piece job--a big feed sack. One hole let his head stick thru, and two served as the armholes. This, he supplemented, when decency demanded, with a pair of home built pants. Burlap, cut in two big inverted V's were stitched together as neatly as binder-twine for thread and a nail for a needle would permit.

But, with all this indication of dire poverty, Baehr was of the landed gentry. He owned and operated acreage just north of town. He employed farm hands at the prevailing scale of 50¢--per day, that is. And, he had plans to build a city all his own--Baehrtown. Lots or tracts were to be given free to the destitute, providing they could erect their own cabins on them. There were several cabins in that area, even then. None resembled, even remotely, the modern Mathis mansion in that sector.

No one seems to know just who Baehr tried to build his own opera house, but try he did. For material, he gathered brickbats just where he could find them, and lugged them home in a sack on his back. Clay from Possum Branch had to do for mortar. When the walls were just about as high as needed, new, whole bricks were acquired and layed to form the top ten or so courses. The structure, even if it had been finished, would have been no larger than many modern living rooms.

Baehr was a violinist--or maybe just a fiddler. Some say his instrument was a priceless "Strad," and that he claimed it had been, an heirloom of his family for centuries. Visitors came to the modest house of Baehr to hear him play--or maybe to hear him talk about his music. Reports are that, upon request, he would attempt any classic, and might conclude with a rendition of Yankee Doodle.

Could it be that Baehr, in the old country, was a frustrated violin virtuoso? Perhaps, as he sat in his humble cabin and played his beloved violin, he had his dreams. The burlap smock may have become the spotless linen of a famous musician. His grimy, toilworn paws may have been transformed into the agile hands of the artist. Maybe building his own opera house would help him earn the plaudits of an appreciative public in this land where, it seemed, he never seemed to fit.

The land he owned and farmed; the row of neat, attractive homes along the streets that were country lanes when he was here, was of less value then. Now, with other developments, such as the proposed Keene-Woosley addition, what the map calls Baehrtown, if still his, would put Old Man Baehr well up in the chips. No one would say he was a screwball-centric maybe.

Who calls whom eccentric? His name is on the city map--Yis Yis. No doubt he would be proud to see it--but doubtless pounce if he could take a bow from the stage of the never finished opera house.

Random Recollection

OF

9/8/60

STANLEY G. SMITH

WE WRECKED THE SCHOOL HOUSE

When they--no, WE--wrecked and reconstructed the middle section of the old school house, that was something to watch. To take part in it was something to remember. That was about 1897, maybe 1898. Temperance Hall was still around to handle misplaced pupils.

Most any adult will well remember the big two-story brick where in generations of us acquired or were exposed to schooling. The middle section, in the late 90's, must have been bulging at the seams with pupils, and no doubt creaking at the joints from age.

Workmen began to tear it down. W. G. Wilson, the contractor, must have figured pretty close. Some material had to be salvaged and used in reconstruction. Soft brick, doubtless of the Pat Malone vintage, made locally, had to be reclaimed. To get bricks down safely from the top, long troughs were made by nailing boards together, V-shaped. Mortar encrusted bricks, skidding down, soon made that chute as slick as a soapmaker's pants. Ed. Dunn was one employed to retrieve them when they hit the ground, and toss them away before others crushed them--or his fingers. He worked fast. He needed nimble fingers.

When the walls were torn down to the lower floor, bricks could fall with less danger of damage. A section would be left standing undermined a bit. A few pupils on a rope looped around the top--someone chanting "heave ho-heave," and down would crash a ton or so of bricks. All were supposed to be well in the clear.

One time, not so. Harry Wilson, not Senator then, home from school at Carbondale, had to look things over. A section of wall, ready to be pulled down, just chanced to fall as he was passing. They laid him on a door and carried him across Water street to his parental home. Both legs were broken. Southern had to put the bullpen catcher behind the plate to replace Harry.

When Harry could get around on crutches, he called to watch a stranger install the furnace--rare occurrence then. Crutches cause conversation. He explained how he was hurt. The furnace man vehemently urged him to sue the contractor for damages, not

knowing that the "so-and-so" he thought should pay the bill was the victim's father.

That was one wrecking job on which the old recollector labored. Child labor laws were not effective. No business agent got around. Many youngsters found employment. Some chopped mortar off of bricks with hatchets. For that, these hands did not seem to match. Some hauled them in wheelbarrows, the wooden, sideboard kind. That took too much strength. Someone had to stack the cleaned bricks up in ricks like stovewood. That was the job--second only to one that was denied. Billy Brey--Jr., that is--kept time in a little book. The scale for kids was five cents per hour. That counted up faster than weeding a penny at a time.

How long it took to become a retired used brickstacker--upper is not now recalled, nor is the total of the quarters, dimes and nickles earned. It looked like a fortune. That called for a celebration.

A trip to "Candy Jim" Waldrup's, on Walnut Street was indicated. That was not just to flatten the nose against the candy case to ponder the relative merits of candy corn, ju ju babies, chocolate brownies and yards of licorice. It had to be a splurge. A big blue sack full of cocoanuts and bananas.

Kids invited to take part in the cocoanut orgy must have had more sense or less appetite than the proud host. Just how much raw cocoanut was eaten, direct from the shell, was unrecorded. The quantity, however, was sufficient for requirements, at least until late 1960.

When they wreck the present school house, if these unbrawny hands stack up the used brick, at five cents per hour, an urge to eat raw cocoanut out of the shell may return. Meanwhile, you can have it.

59

TO CARNIVAL THIS SUN
TO CITY LAKE 2 TO 4
TO 1 TO 2 PM

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

9/22/60

Now, it is just a place to store a lot of merchandise that does not need to be displayed. The public never sees it. Things change, over a period of time. When erected, it was glamorous, no less. It made the once famous Murphy Hall look like a second rater. That was Kunze's Opera House, in its day of glory.

The date may be around somewhere. No matter. It was a long time ago. Carpenters had a way of chasing little kids away when they wanted to watch the big construction project. The interior, when under construction, was not for all to see. But, at the grand opening, those of us who had not been around much, considered it a fairyland. New paint glistened. That chandaleer, up near the ornamental metal ceiling, was something to behold.

The back-stage area was for others to explore back when the place was new. Later, it became familiar territory. Then time had taken its toll. The east side, (off-stage right,) was, nominally, the dressing room area for male performers. On the west, stage-left, that was for the girls. Yea? Anyway, dressing room facilities included long shelves against the wall, a scattering of dropcord lights, and little mirrors, cracked and mangy. One little burned-out heating stove, near the west stage door, with three bricks pinching hitting for the left hind leg, was supposed to keep off the chill.

The big curtain, when new, was a work of art--mountain scenery. Karl Marlow could beat it in half a day. It would be wound up, when it worked, on a long heavy pole. At times, both ends would roll up evenly. It has been done. When lowered, it frequently bounced, and the mountains wavered. Back of that, far enough for "hoofers" to have room for between-the-acts specialties, there was the street scene curtain. Just what street the artist tried to portray, maybe even he didn't know. And, near the south wall, there was the third-act necessity, the hut scene curtain--gloomy, log and stone effect. But, the fair damsel in distress had to be rescued from some place.

And, stage center, there was the trap door, with a mate off stage right. Magicians needed that arrangement for their disappearing act. Dusty, under the stage floor, and all festooned with cobwebs.

For the audience, there were two kinds of seats--three, if you count the gallery. Up front, red veneer chairs, fastened in gangs, made up about four rows in each of three sections. Back of them, the seats were a bit less comfortable--the yellowish ones--also in gangs. None were fastened to the floor. For, at times, they were stacked up against the wall for dances, and the floor was waxed as

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slick as glass. Just a row of seats were left off at the side--for wall-flowers.

Gallery seats were different. Just two long wooden benches, with backs. Patrons perched up on the backs of these benches when they liked the show. The gallery had wall-to-wall carpeting, after a fashion. The floor covering was a compound of crushed peanut hulls, used "eatin' tobacco," and the juice therefrom, plus countless remnants of cigarettes, the hand rolled kind.

Victor (Stix) Foster, who later enjoyed a diversified career in show business, frequently managed the Kunze institution, or the productions that were staged there. He had the floor plan of the hall worked out on a big square board. Gimlet holes represented the seats. When a ticket was duly marked "Sec. C--Row D Seat --"etc., a shoepeg went into the hole. Now, in case it just got jostled out, someone else might also buy the same pair of ducats. Foster "butched" the town, wearing the board like a cigarette girl wears her tray, in a night club--according to the pictures. He could have duplicated, Ushers had their troubles.

The gallery patrons had no reservations. They found room to squeeze in, or they were out of luck. But, even for the best of shows, the price up there perhaps never did exceed two-bits. And, charitable doormen might, at times, look the other way when someone short on cash seemed in need of entertainment.

Gallery patrons seemed to have more fun than folks up front, dressed fit to kill, and occupying seats that may have cost them all of six bits. Up in the "peanut heaven," patrons cheered--or booed and hissed the lowliest. They payed less--if any--but they were homefolks--they "belonged."

Random Recollection

OF

9/29/60

STANLEY G. SMITH

Recalling the old opera house brings back memories of long-forgotten incidents associated with that ancient institution. Many may come up with others.

Few, if any, know about "Fabio Romani", and perhaps few if any care. But, the boss, or any newspaper man ought to like this little yarn.

To set the stage--In those days, when this century was young, many road shows played here. Some came regularly. Stock companies made week-long stands. Thank you for your liberal patronage and your kind attention--Tomorrow night, East Lynn, "--- And, there were the fly-by-night outfits that hit and ran. One night stands. Some good, some so-so and some worse.

"The Fourth Estate", at that time, demanded recognition. Newspaper men were proud of the profession, and resented any disrespect for it. Came a day when one-sheet posters graced show windows about town, announcing the coming production of "Fabio Romani." Standard procedure was for the advance man of a show to call at the newspaper shop; buy a 10-in-2 col. display, have it lifted and a batch of bills run off and distributed. For this, he left an order for payment at the boxoffice--and didn't haggle too much. And, of primary importance, he wrote out a bunch of "Comps;" or "Annie Oakley's," for the boss and for the entire staff.

This Fabio outfit overlooked one little detail--as they say in the "whodunits." The advance man failed to recognize the press. Loss of the small amount of revenue involved meant little. There was never quite enough to go around anyway. It was the lack of respect that hurt.

Came show night. Still no recognition. The editor seethed--"sizzled to the core," to use a good Ray Choisser expression. His veins contained a mixture of printers' ink and greasepaint. He had trouped some too--and had not starved--entirely. His more or less able assistant assisted in the seething. What to do? The boss man issued orders.

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SYVILLE, ILLINOIS

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"The Fourth Estate", at that time, newspaper men were proud of the professional respect for it. Came a day when on the windows about town, announcing the coming of Romani, "Standard procedure was for the advance man to call at the newspaper shop; buy a 10 cent copy and a batch of bills run off and delivered. And an order for payment at the boxoffice--and of primary importance, he wrote for "Annie Oakley's," for the boss and for

This Fabio outfit overlooked one little thing--"whodunits." The advance man failed to include the small amount of revenue involved. It was never quite enough to go around anyway and that hurt.

Came show night. Still no recognition. The advance man, "zled to the core," to use a good Ray Charles expression, contained a mixture of printers' ink and glass. He was some too--and had not starved--entirely. The assistant assisted in the seething. What orders.

"Go over there and present your card. Give 'em one more chance. If they ignore it, pay your way. I'll be along and do the same. Then, we will sit together, take notes, come back here and just crucify that outfit--good, bad or indifferent."

The man at the door said a country editor's card meant not a thing in his young life. He got the cash, and a prediction that he would die sorry that he ever took it. The two irate scribes saw the show. Each picked the parts he chose to pick apart. Duly fortified--including the notes--the two returned to the shop and went to work at the cases. Top line of the head read "They Butcherd Fabio." What followed, maybe four-five sticks of it--scathed. Mayhem on the brainchild of the playwright was just one accusation.

Some weeks later, a stranger, wearing pearl gray spats and a derby to match, as showmen should, invaded the same sanctum sanctorum. He asked if he was where the story about "Fabio" started on its rounds thru Variety and Billboard. The editor, with the planning maul within his reach, proudly stated that the visitor had found the man that flayed the outfit--and what was he going to do about it?

First, the visitor insisted, he would buy a spare copy of the issue. He read the stuff and got a chuckle per paragraph, and a belly laugh out of the head. Then, he produced his credentials, contracted for some other show soon due. He quibbled not about the price. And, the stack of Annie Oakleys he provided was exceptionally liberal.

"I caught that Fabio show, while-back--Our outfit has about as many punks as they have. But--we try to treat newspapers right. Hope you like the show."

Clippings from the issue following that show doubtless went into the prized collections of the performers. Maybe it was good.

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

George Parker Wilson--Author-Playwright: "Who's Who" would have no information under that caption. The compilers would say that they never heard of him. Some of us were more fortunate. Parker, as everybody called him, was well worth knowing. There should be more like he was.

Any forthright biographer of Parker Wilson, or any sketch of his all to brief career, would dwell upon his service in the field of commerce. It was never indicated that he amassed a fortune--for himself. One reason may be that he never tried. Like many, with ability, he always was the man behind the man behind. When the Hirsch stores expanded from a pack to a big string of profitable establishments, Parker was the man who made the figures talk and tell which way all phases of the business were headed, and why, and what to do about it. What they called him how he signed, makes little difference. He earned the title Comptroller--with the p--which signifies authority.

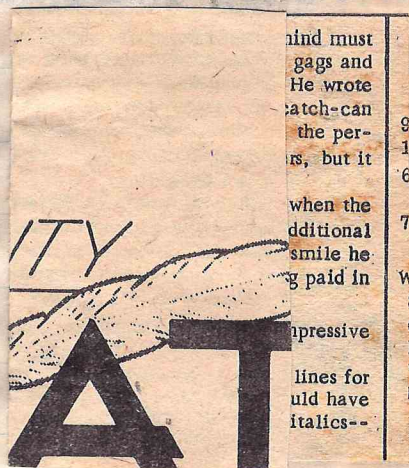
Maybe Parker got some satisfaction from his work along that line. One who, at times, has attempted to round up a few figures, here and there, can understand that some can get a kick out of completing a difficult assignment.

Creative writing was the source of Parker Wilson's greatest pleasure. Success in that profession, the ambitious dream of millions, attained by far too few. How many good short stories he had rejected perhaps no one would ever know. Some made the blood-and-thunder "pulp." At times, he rated publication in the "slicks." A visit to his "studio" in the parental home, where he labored long to improve his productions, revealed his deep devotion to his avocation. By no means a show-off or blowhard, Parker was justly proud of what he had produced, whether printed in magazines or still on manilla second sheets--not quite good enough to go.

Parker wrote so that the readers seemed to see the scenes and characters involved. One yarn about a local bank robbery that never did occur, he said, took more time and effort than would have been required to rob the bank--and paid much less. How the good guys won out in the end, as they always do, is not recalled--but the readers would have felt competent to identify the bandits.

And, in contriving little four-act "mellerdramers," Parker was at his best. He concocted several that were perpetrated here, in the old Kunze opera house. He would admit that the plots had been purloined, but they were twisted beyond recognition. "Lucky Strike" was a wild west gold mine yarn. About all that comes back about it is that the "Red Dog Saloon" had a light-weight proprietor. Then, there was a racetrack play--"Hearts and Horses." That some thought, was good enough to tour. It was--for one engagement.

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Parker would sit down with a stenographer and members of the

prospective cast, and dictate copy for these plays. His mind must have mulled things over in advance. Lines, business, gags and stage directions seemed to ooze from his creative mind. He wrote the script for some "Varieties," or almost catch-as-catch-can performances that were staged as benefits. At times, the performers might be about as numerous as paying customers, but it was a lot of fun.

Modest, even shy, Parker would decline a curtain call when the audience demanded that the author take a bow. But, the additional twinkle in his eyes, and a little extra in the infectious smile he seemed to wear continuously, proved that he was getting paid in something he valued above legal tender.

Parker's expression for the necessity of a "snapper," or impressive ending was: "It's gotta have a kick in the back."

If it had been granted unto Parker Wilson to write the lines for his last appearance on the scene we call this world, he would have followed the script with stage directions--in bold face italics--Exit Smiling.

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

There may be many reasons why the Baird's Grove Chicken Fry is no longer on the calendar of annual events. One will do, Baird's Grove is no more. Many may recall it as a beauty spot, when it was as God Almighty made it. Stately forest trees that had serenely survived a century were interspersed promiscuously, not aligned in prearranged precision.

And, a normal view in that wooded area enhanced its natural beauty. Proud brood mares and their promising foals made that grove their home. Excepting the black shetland, pride and pet of Florence Baird, their ancestry traced back to Hambletonian 10. Porter Baird bred and trained and raced outstanding trotters. Big barns and a training track were features of the showplace that is now only a memory.

Where the shaded pasture lay surrounded by fertile fields, now there are only ugly stripmine hills. Rugged ridges rise abruptly from ragged ravines. Nature struggles to cover up the scars with scrubby trees, underbrush and weeds. Any self-respecting hound would demand double time for hunting in such rough terrain. That all came about when they turned the surface over just to take away the coal.

The route from town out to the grove that was but is not lay southward on what was called the West Four Mile road. Anyone who

tried it now would only verify a classic observation; Freddie Glide-well made it here, and it became part of the language--"Ya jist kaint git there from here."

To attend that chicken fry, when it was in its glory, horse and buggy transportation was involved. Such as had rigs of their own were fortunate. All they had to do was get a girl to go along. And, a girl grown up enough to have a beau, as folks expressed it then, would feel that she had not really arrived if no one asked her to go.

Other young squirts, up to beausing around a bit, had to make their reservations early to depend upon obtaining an attractive livery outfit. Or, two, perchance, might double-date, and divvy up on the price of a team or coin flipping, to determine which one drove and which one rode behind. Or, it was also socially acceptable to enroll with a group that chartered a hayride for the important event. Hayrides also showed up from DuQuoin. Henry Berg--"Shadrack" to us then, or one Richard "Bluesmoke" Marlow, would make the trip for a reasonable consideration. Either would center his attention on his team, not the passengers. That was tact. They had been young.

Fried chicken, in that era, was a seasonal delicacy--like watermelon, bluepoints on the half-shell, or, respectfully, Thomas & Jeremiah. Year-round mass production and dependable refrigeration of stallfed broilers had not come along. The big event was scheduled by the full moon when the most spring chickens had grown to frying size.

Driving to that festive event might be a quiet jog along a country road. Or, it might involve a little racing. No one liked to take the dust kicked up by the horse ahead. Success in country road racing demanded more than just a horse that had a lot of step. Drivers needed skill and courage, and a knowledge of geography. They had to know where wide places in the road would enable them to pass, and where the narrow bridges made it hazardous. "Hubbing," or suffering that damage from others was a calculated risk--like leaving a Grade-A rawhide center buggywhip upright in the socket when the horse was tied off in the dark.

In addition to the golden brown fried chicken, homemade ice-cream and cake--the five-layer, gooey kind--and other trimmings were offered. It must have been a lot of work for the farm families that conducted the affair. It was for a worthy cause. They turned the proceeds into the upkeep of the historic Galum Cemetery. Everything they needed had to be hauled from home. That included stoves and firewood. Coal oil lamps and strings of Japanese lanterns would supplement the moonlight. A breeze might sway the paper lanterns so that the little candles would set them ablaze, but that was just a part of the affair. Night flying insects, orbiting the lamps, might get singed enough to fall on the big ten-cent dippers of ice cream, but they ate sparingly if at all. No one would complain much.

Other talent that took part in the entertainment offered patrons may feel slighted. Sorry. This reviewer can recall only the justly celebrated Malan Brothers Quartet. It endured for years. When one passed on another filled the vacancy--like Margenthalers on the Panthers team.

For the younger set, the way back home was not northward on the west road. That was the direct route, but who wants to hurry on a summer moonlight night? It was "half-a-quarter" or so southward to the Baird School corner. Thence, the way lead eastward, past Pyatt Station. The Simeon Walker store, closed and darkened at that hour, loomed ghostly white in the moonlight. The way continued eastward to the Ozburn school crossing. The schoolyard might be occupied. Others might also want to rest the horses.

It was uphill from the school house, northward, between the rambling homestead and the big horsebarn of another illustrious racing man--"Uncle Tommy" Ozburn. Thence, down a formidable incline and on over the moonlit prairie. There were various detours and optional routes from there on in, and the horse could find the way home from any of them. The sportiest convertibles on the road are less c

Random Recollection

OF

10/20/60

STANLEY G. SMITH

An apple on display in this, or any other apple season, is not at all unusual--unless it is an unusual apple. One about four times as big as any apple has a right to be is bound to draw attention. And, one like that brought back memories of apples as they used to be.

This big apple looked like it might be of the variety that was called a "horse apple," years ago. Maybe it was so called because it would take a mouth like that of a horse to snap a bite out of it. But, for all the taste the freak apple had, the effort would be wasted.

But, there were some varieties that had a better flavor than the best now offered--at least it seems that way. How about a nice big, tree-ripened Yellow Bellflower. Anyone who remembers them may drool a bit, just thinking about the taste they had. The blossom end of the Bellflower was a little on the pointed side--sheep-nosed, they called it. When an apple was dead ripe, the seeds would rattle in the pods. Trees of that variety needed to grow several years before they started bearing. Crop failures were experienced frequently. Hence, no more of that variety.

Any orchard market will provide you with what they call winesaps now. The name remains, with some qualifying prefix. But, the under-sized, deep, dark red specimen--a little flattened at the ends, and with the meat a rich tint of yellow--seems to be extinct. That was the kind that, when cared for properly, would remain sound all winter long. In the pit all winter, the flavor might become slightly straw-tained, come late January, but it was tangy, zesty. And, it had enough juice in it to spit in your eye like a grapefruit. To use one eatin' apple connoisseur's pet expression, when you bit into it, it bit right back at you.

It is all too true that, in former years, a lot of orchard acreage was given over to the lowly Ben Davis variety. Trees of that kind seemed to bear abundantly, year after year. They would yield branch-breaking crops when the better kinds were scarce. They had one attribute that was proudly claimed for Cheatham's Chill Tonic--tasteless. Apple growers ate them only when there were no others available.

Apple growers peddled apples from their wagons, at around this season and later. One advertising method frequently employed was

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the wood fire beneath the kettle was d not seem to be brisk enough, a few shoved in where they would do them was boiling too boisterously, and was l the stirring, a stick or two would be peach seed--some used a silver dollar the stuff from sticking to the kettle. paddle just exactly right, the job was ready to go into the big stone jars--an apply.

substitutes today. They may be pro-conditions. But, for a real delight, how of good old homemade bread, with the ce fresh country butter spread over it--ld-fashioned home made apple butter-

family farm.

Random Recollection

OF

10/20/6
STANLEY G. SMITH

An apple on display in this, or any other apple season, is unusual--unless it is an unusual apple. One about four times as big as any apple has a right to be is bound to draw attention, like that brought back memories of apples as they used to be.

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But, there were some varieties that had a better flavor than the best now offered--at least it seems that way. How about the big, tree-ripened Yellow Bellflower. Anyone who remembers may drool a bit, just thinking about the taste they had. The end of the Bellflower was a little on the pointed side. When they called it, when an apple was dead ripe, it would rattle in the pods. Trees of that variety needed to be replaced years before they started bearing. Crop failures were experienced frequently. Hence, no more of that variety.

Any orchard market will provide you with what they call now. The name remains, with some qualifying prefix. But, the specimen--a little flattened at the top and with the meat a rich tint of yellow--seems to be extinct. It was the kind that, when cared for properly, would remain sweet all winter long. In the pit all winter, the flavor might become straw-tained, come late January, but it was tangy, zesty. It had enough juice in it to spit in your eye like a grapefruit. One eatin' apple connoisseur's pet expression, when you bit it bit right back at you.

It is all too true that, in former years, a lot of orchard was given over to the lowly Ben Davis variety. Trees of this seemed to bear abundantly, year after year. They would break branch-breaking crops when the better kinds were scarce. It had one attribute that was proudly claimed for Cheatham Tonic--tasteless. Apple growers ate them only when there were no others available.

Apple growers peddled apples from their wagons, at around the season and later. One advertising method frequently employed was

to impale two on the pointed ends of a forked stick extending upward from the wagon bed. Or, a handy-man of sorts, never particularly noted for his diction or distinct enunciation, would ride along and call out the wares offered--such as "Ben Da a aee ah-ah-ah--" Anyway, it sounded something like that.

The Roman Beauty--maybe Rome Beauty in the nursery catalogs--that was another favorite. Many considered it superior to all others for that delectable product, home made apple butter.

Maybe it is just another old foggie idea, but it seems that apple butter was much better years ago. Apple butter making, like hog-killing time, was frequently a cooperative venture. The women of the neighborhood would get together. Equipped with the little-hand-cranked apple peelers and sharp knives, they would peel, core and quarter a ton of apples--and still keep up on all the gossip.

This was a "cook out" operation. The apples, readied up and carefully rinsed in cold well water, were dumped into the big kettle over the open fire. Some used sweet cider in place of water to boil the chunks of apple to the desired consistency. The spices used to add the flavor did not come out of little sifter-top tin boxes. It was in the rough. Long sticks of the curled bark of cinnamon was an important item. Cloves were in the form of little black stems--like miniature stumps with the roots on them. Some used "star anise". The formula of the presiding cook would be sacked up in a little cotton bag and tossed into the kettle. At times, in lieu of sugar, some left-over sorghum, maybe a little on the grainy side--somewhat gone to sugar--went into the batch. Some tossed in gobs of honey--maybe the wild kind, with the sticks picked out carefully.

The thermostatic control of the wood fire beneath the kettle was simple enough. If the fire did not seem to be brisk enough, a few more seasoned sticks were shoved in where they would do them most good. Or, if the goo was boiling too boisterously, and was about to scorch in spite of all the stirring, a stick or two would be pulled out into the clear. A peach seed--some used a silver dollar--was supposed to help keep the stuff from sticking to the kettle.

When the stuff clung to the paddle just exactly right, the job was done, and the product was ready to go into the big stone jars--an important part of the food supply.

There are "store boughten" substitutes today. They may be produced under more sanitary conditions. But, for a real delight, how about a plate-size slice of good old homemade bread, with the crunchy crust; a layer of nice fresh country butter spread over it--then, just smear on good, old-fashioned home made apple butter--nose deep.

Wipe your chin.

65

the road are less c

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

It seems safe to presume that ever since old chief Onesock Intheash and his braves first put on their pow wows here, there have been processions and parades of one kind or another. Redskins may have celebrated some successful hunting expeditions. Or, maybe they just wanted to show off a little. Many do.

Any loyal citizen would agree that the show they put on every year in St. Louis, called the Veiled Prophet's Parade, is just a crude imitation of our own Hallowe'en Mardi Gras. Some one who is well up on the history of this classic ought to write a little book about it. Most unusual events proclaim that each renewal is to be "Bigger and better than ever before." Not this one. It passed that stage. It gets better, but it got too big many years ago.

How many floats came in from other cities would be anybody's guess. Which came the farthest may also be undetermined. One guess would be that the model steamboat brought all the way from Cairo would win the celluloid pit.

Of course, the greatest piece of pageantry ever presented here was the county fair's centennial parade. That too was due, in part, to Dean Bartle's showmanship. One admirer of his job as announcer said he could make a game of tiddlewinks sound as thrilling as the last of the ninth in the seventh game of the world series--three on, two down, full count.

When road shows made this place a port of call, many staged parades. Some needed only a little band, like the inimitable George

66
Curtis, or back of that, Billy Plumlee, with his snare drum swung high up on his chest.

And, back when the Kunze opera house was in its glory, what theatrical parlance called a "Tom Show" is recalled. That, sonny, meant a troupe that dramatized "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This outfit, like others of its kind, had a baggage car for scenery and "props." The help of several kids was needed for their parade. They promised passes. We all longed to see Simon Legree with his shiny black pitees, mustach and gotee, pop his big blacksnake whip; see the bloodhounds chase Liza across the river on the ice and see poor little Eva die, and learn that Topsy "jist grewed."

Some boys lead the super-annuated bloodhounds. Perhaps none of them were still fleet enough to overtake a fat man in the mud with a barrel of molasses on his back. But, they could still bark and they looked savage. That was no job for one who always was afraid of dogs. But, there were banners to be carried. A pint-sized twerp was all dressed up in an old washed out blue coat that would have fit two of him better. It was made of a shoddy cotton flannel--sleazy as a boarding house blanket. There was a natural suspicion that the regalia might be inhabited by millions of little crawling things. And, there was that banner to hold upright, tagging along among the decrepit dogs. Hard way to get to see the show, but it all seemed worth it at the time.

Then there is a legend about a promotional event that was so far back that most of us know of it only by hearsay. In this particular parade, one float was a joint venture of the local print shop and

H. O. Murphy's store. That would be the one that sponsored a famous ball team by the same name. The printer put a little old foot-powered job press on the wagon, and, enroute, kicked off little hand bills advertising Murphy's business. The bills carried a bit of verse to the effect that, as a mark of distinction, purchases from Murphy's store were wrapped in red paper. Maybe it helped. The pressman clowning it up by smoking a big cob pipe as he trundled away at his laborious task--four kicks to the impression--some of us remember.

Some enterprising saloon keeper also had a float--portable bar, well stocked. The story is that a Cairo Short Line crew boarded it and sampled the free samples, continuously. Unable to hit the ground with their hats when listed to go, Rule "G" got them.

And some tell about the big, ornate bandwagon, flaring out like a big gravy bowl. The leader perched up front, with his little brass comet. At the rear, the big bass drum rested on the tailgate so all could read the name of the outfit, painted on the drum heads. The drummer was a toothless Joe who gummed a big cud of tobacco with rhythm, by the numbers, a chance with every boom of the drum. Some kid tagged along behind the wagon and attempted to mimic the drummer. Irked a bit by the heckling, the drummer twirled his drumstick skyward, plucked the big chew from his mouth and let the kid have it, right in the face.

Like others, the lad must have enjoyed parades, but he learned then to respect them.

Random Recollection

OF

11/3/60

STANLEY G. SMITH

Changes in the modes of travel may be one reason for it. The lack of barns, cow sheds and tight board fences all along the streets may be another. Something has caused a lot of changes in outdoor advertising. Maybe a publication with space to offer should not mention any other medium. But, this is about the way things were years ago.

Many can recall the scenic views provided for the crowds that filled "accommodation trains", sometimes called "milk runs", years ago. It seems that every barn roof within the line of vision was painted black, and had the word "Castoria", in a bold script--the sign emblazoned on it. More details of the advertisement for the famous product featured included a picture of a squaw and the slogan "Babies Cry for It." Maybeso.

The walls of barns and sheds, and the fences,

times even if--protected by a sign that said "Post No bills," were kept right well plastered with posters. The patent medicine business must have been very competitive. Some of these were works of art.

There was that standard litho of a team of dapple grey draft horses, so fat they had deep creases where most horses show a knobby spine. And, they were posed as pulling like a team competing in a contest, and they looked like they were enjoying it--just overjoyed to have shouldersores so that they could be anointed with Bickmores Gall Cure. Laws let them call things cures, and remedies, years ago. And, it always did seem cruel, but the makers of that celebrated salve always added the slogan--"Be sure to work the horse."

And, there was some outfit by the name of Scott that displayed a fish picture that challenged all ambitious fishermen. A kid could dream that, someday, he would catch one like it, and parade all around to show it off. The work of art portrayed a wizened old fisherman, with whiskers on his neck. He wore a rain hat and a slicker. The fish he had was swung up so the head nestled over his shoulder and the tail was dragging on the cobblestones. That was presumed to help sell Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil--augh. Recollection of the taste of it makes one wonder if that old fisherman hadn't dragged the codfish around, showing off, long enough to grow the luxuriant whiskers that hid his throat from ear to ear. Or, maybe Mr. Scott took too much time in extracting oil from the liver of a long dead fish. Vitamin pills go down much easier.

Many of these medicine posters carried the information that it was available where ever drugs were sold--or at all good drug stores. And, there was a legend to the effect that some local dealers were not quite satisfied with that.

Major Luther Kughler, who for many years sold drugs and what have you at the southwest corner of Walnut and Mulberry--the Kohlsdorf corner now--was not one to overlook an opportunity to increase his business. And, his son, one Frederick Solon Lycurgis, called Solon for Short, also had ambition. Solon operated on the corner of Douglas and Kaskaskia, where the Tom Boy store functioned last. Presumably, he started there when the Frank Roe family left that spot and moved to St. Louis. The Kughlers, father, and son, were business rivals in a way--and perhaps not too friend-

Some relate that the posters, displayed to promote the sale of medicines, were supplemented by a narrow strip of card board tacked on beneath them. These additions to the posters bore a legend--"Kughler Keeps It."

Not to be outdone by his father, F. S. L. Kughler, or so the story goes, had his own little poster-supplements printed and went about tacking them below--"Solon Sells It."

Random Recollection

OF

11/10/60

STANLEY G. SMITH

Gruner's Lot--that location would be meaningless to many now. Some could tell where it was, and might recall sundry incidents that transpired there, years ago.

It is still Gruner territory, but there is no open space for itinerant commercial enterprises or public entertainment. The northwest corner of South Main and Mulberry--west to the alley and northwest to the rear of the business buildings facing the public square--that is open territory; sort of a village green, years ago. That would be after the Bakerschmidt place burned to ashes, and kids combed the ashes for half-melted coins.

That was a place for the medicine shows to entertain and to vend their wares, with the accent on the vending. Fumes from the gasoline fueled "banjo" torches were enchanting, not repulsive. The blackface comedian, with his guitar and comic ballads seldom finished what he started. Commercials predominated, even then.

Of these colorful fakers, one who, of course, was not selling--only advertising--is recalled. He was introducing a tooth powder that might have also served as an enamel remover. To demonstrate his product, he selected a lad with air-cooled teeth that looked like they never had encountered any kind of dentrifice. Up on the back end of the buckboard, the attentive audience saw the persuasive pitchman scour one of the protruding tusches until it gleamed snow white. The other was left in the natural, like a check row in a test plot. Quite a contrast.

And, along about the time the battleship Maine went down, that lot was a parade ground. Some patriotic citizen, long on military training--could have been Cap't. S. Walter, "Straight-edge" Reynolds, drilled an outfit of what some derisively called "home

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CAT

NEYVILLE, ILLINOIS

Queen



Random Recol

OF

STANLEY G. SMIT

Gruner's Lot--that location would be meaningful. Some could tell where it was, and might recall it transpired there, years ago.

It is still Gruner territory, but there is no other commercial enterprises or public entertainment corner of South Main and Mulberry--west to the rear of the business buildings facing the open territory; sort of a village green, yet after the Bakerschmidt place burned to ashes for half-melted coins.

It was a place for the medicine shows to display their wares, with the accent on the vending. The line fueled "banjo" torches were enchanting. A blackface comedian, with his guitar and finished what he started. Commercial pre-

Of these colorful fakers, one who, of course, only advertising--is recalled. He was intricate that might have also served as an enamel repairer. His product, he selected a lad with air-cold like they never had encountered any kind of back end of the buckboard, the attentive suasive pitchman scour one of the protruding snow white. The other was left in the natural a test plot. Quite a contrast.

And, along about the time the battleship Maine lot was a parade ground. Some patriotic citizenship training--could have been Cap't. S. Walter, who nolds, drilled an outfit of what some der-

guards. "Temperance Hall, then still standing, was military headquarters for the company. The boys were fitted out with wooden guns. They drilled all over the lot, and learned how to manipulate their play-like firearms with precision.

At times, it was a place for traveling merry-go-rounds to set up, and take in what change they could. That was before they had electric power, or even the little snorting one-lunged gasoline engines. Some poor old mis-treated horse had to job doggedly around a little circle to make the contraption go. And, there was, one man-powered outfit, "The Ocean Wave", they called it. It was a little circular contraption, balanced on a center pole, and rolling on an elevated track that undulated over humps. Big, strong grown boys were induced to leap high, grasp a rod and pull the thing around. Passengers, mostly little tots, got to ride around and around, with an up and down movement that would make most anybody seasick. Fun? Some thought so.

Then, it was always interesting to visit Sam Lee's laundry, at the north edge of the area. The laundryman was not always the same individual, but he always had that name. The sign out front identified him, "Sam" slopped around in flopping slippers and left his shirt tail hanging out, and he had a long, coal black, shiney queue. How he could read the hen tracks on the many packages of finished laundry, and know which belonged to whom was one of the wonders of the world.

And, the way "Sam" sprinkled clothes has never been encountered elsewhere. He would bow low over the table and poke his mouth into a bowl of water as if to drink like a horse. Each mouthful would be blown out in a misty spray to dampen the work in process uniformly. It would be hard to duplicate his accuracy with a bottle of Windex. Never tried it.

"Honest John" would pitch, at times, on Gruner's lot. He was not just an ordinary pack peddler. He would have a wagon load of plunder--dry goods and sundries. He probably bought up "jobs" of distressed merchandise and worked hard to sell it. He would assemble an assortment for which he would ask two bits. If no takers, he would add another bunch of braid or a pair of shoe laces or such until he got a taker. Then, he would sing out, "Ripped, Wrapped, Rolled and Sold--No wonder, by thunder when all of that plunder goes over yonder for a quarter of a dallah."

Now just what ails a mind that can come up with such drivel, after so many years--and just can't quite remember what year the old water tower was erected?

Random Recollections

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

"--and one man, in his time, plays many parts," Shakespeare was right. The old recollector can recall one week's experience as ticket-taker with a frowsy little dog and pony show. It happened here. Many others, then active in civic affairs, did as much or more for the good of this community.

That was just before one of the several groups departed to "Make the World Safe for Democracy", World War I--The Big War, as old Timers often call it.

The Chamber of Commerce needed money. They always do. C. H. Dintleman, "Mr. Chamber of Commerce," himself, was an outstanding civic leader, even then--before he picked'em up and set'em down for Uncle Sam. Names of others just as active do not come up readily. Somebody came up with a scheme to sponsor a little street fair, a polite name for a carnival. Who should take a bow or accept the blame is not quite clear. Jack Stump?

Anyway, the plan worked out right well--in spite of war conditions. This outfit, imported to operate on a profit-sharing basis, had no county fair to draw the patronage to it. The shows and rides, and what had to pass for a band, had to draw in a lot of people to make the thing pay off.

And in those days, as many recall, public sentiment and certain governmental agencies, took a dim view of non-essential enterprises. There may have been as many as ten or twelve pieces in the little brass band that this outfit brought in with it. Some were able-bodied men. They left, "Mack," who supervised the outfit from a little makeshift office about where the Walnut Cafe now stands, bemoaned their departure, but the show had to go on. He kept up the ballyho, even when the band had dwindled down to a one-armed man and about three women and girls. He promised a band concert every afternoon and evening as long as the band lasted.

Some brave soul had to ride the merry-go-round and take up tickets in spite of seasickness it developed. A wheezy little organ on it ground out "Over the Waves" all week long. Got downright monotonous. And, there were other shows. One, near the Walnut-street corner, featured an alledgedly artistic dance. From accounts current then, the way that gal danced would not cause much wear on the shoesoles, but a girdle would not survive one perfor-

mance.

The little games

11/17/60

at line fairground midways were
pets. Some thrived. A shooting
were about to shoulder arms
training.

breeder from down around
owned the little one-ring
the new parking lot on
e-man operation. His
was one of the an-
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LE, ILLINOIS

**Six County Workers
Attend Illinois Cancer
Meeting in Chicago**

Six representatives of the Per-
County Chapter of the American
Cancer Society attended the 14-
annual meeting of the Illinois
Division of the American Can-
Society at the Knickerbocker
Hotel in Chicago November
and 11th.
The group included Mr.
Philip Gruner, Pinck-
gave them some

Random Recolle

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

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mance.

The little games and gimmicks that line fairground midways were erected all up and down the city streets. Some thrived. A shooting gallery got a lot of play. The boys who were about to shoulder arms had a lot of fun by way of preliminary training.

Some not too successful shetland pony breeder from down around Bellrive, Barnhill or maybe Burntpairie owned the little one-ring circus that was set up on the open space near the new parking lot on Walnut street. His show was almost a one-man operation. His daughter, who should have been in highschool, was one of the attractions. She could "walk" a five-foot globe up the incline of a teeter-totter, get her balance there and then trundle her way down! then take a bow to the applause of the assembled children, a trained goat could do as well.

The bossman of the outfit wore a clown suit and went thru exactly the same routine, night after night. As a public entertainer, he seemed to lack originality, but some seemed to think his antics were funny. And, the show took in its share of the revenue. It may be due to a lack of what is called a sence of humor. Even after forty someodd years, that would be clown's called jokes have not seeped thru.

But, somebody had to take the tickets, help check up in the take and figure out the split between the local treasury and the touring outfit that should have been disbanded "for the duration, a common expression then. And, not all of us could rate the cutch show job.

Just what project the community considered its crying need at that particular time remains a matter of conjecture. It may have been the movement to establish the "White-Way" street lighting system now long since retired. It must have been some worthy cause, and some revenue was collected for it, maybe not enough.

Anyway, the boys about to go to war had a week of entertainment that, strange as it may seem today, doubtless gave them some happy memories when they needed cheering up.

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

11/24/60

This offering, or effusion, is unlike others that have gone before. It does not attempt to re-enact any episode that transpired here in by gone days. It will not try to portray any local scene of long ago, nor to depict any local celebrity that others may remember.

This attempts to tell about a trivial incident that is hard to write about but just might have a little fun in it. It was like this:

Another observer of the passing scene directed the old recollectors attention to a man who looked like he was well along in years, and with him, a lady who appeared to be much older. According to Luke, she would rate as one of "The World's Finest People." True enough, the scripture does not so adjudicate, but the sign above the door in Luke's Cafe thus designates his customers. She

was one of those, and looked like she was pleased and proud to be such.

"Do you suppose that could be that man's mother?" the other observer queried. The answer that came up was; "Could right well be she looks like she may have made a million pies." She looked like she might like good pie--two pieces. The other coffee nipper agreed, and added that when that old lady learned her trade she had no modern mixes nor fancy automatic gadgets to do her thinking for her--that she had learned the hard way.

Further onobtrusive appraisal of the unusual pair revealed that the proud old gal seemed to be enjoying life immensely. What she had then consumed would concern only the girl who had to write the ticket, but it had been an enjoyable experience.

When the courteous old gentleman left the table to "decorate the mahogany" at the cash register, the lady looked after him as fondly as she may have watched him wend his way to school for the first time. There was something, well, just motherly, about her.

Out of sheer curiosity or just plain nosiness, the gentleman was asked, politely, if his companion were actually his mother. He did not hesitate about asserting that she was indeed, and he went on from there: "You may not believe me, but she is 93--and, if you turn her loose in her own little old fashioned kitchen, she can still bake the prettiest, the tastiest--well--just the finest pies in the whole wide world--bar none." (If they handed out diplomas on one good guess, the title would be Physiognomist.)

It may be just as well that neither Luke nor any of his staff heard that man take in so much territory about his mother's skill as a pie baker. After all, when was she ever featured in any nationally circulated magazine?

But, the friendly stranger chattered on. One gathered that he had lived for many years in California, due to his wife's ill health; that the world championship pie foundry was down on the Ohio, in Illinois. He said that it was his custom to make a pilgrimage back home, each year, because his mother liked to have him with her--while she can.

These trips back from the coast, and pleasure trips all over Southern Illinois, escorting his mother, the man explained, took a big bite out of his annual income. This, he added, was heartily resented by his wife. That sounded like a little in-law trouble. But, said he, as long as his mother was around, and enjoyed having him come see her, he would return each year, and would continue his annual pilgrimages to Luke's and to other spots she liked.

An actuary might figure the man from California a good risk for life insurance because his mother has lived so long. He looked right well preserved. And, if one might be so presumptive as to judge, he should stick around for quite a while. One would presume that he heeds the admintion that promises "that thy days may be long in the land of the living."

More power--and more pies to both of them.

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

12/1/60

Hollywood hands out "Oscars" to honor outstanding figures in business, from stars to stage hands. They may have some reason for it, but thus far, the old recollector has not been called upon to pick the winner in any category.

The motion picture business can just go on about its business. The column will just make its own award, posthumously:

For the best "Rube" comedian; best stock company manager; and for just an all-round, likeable "right guy," top honors hereby go to the pride of DuQuoin and all Southern Illinois--the late George Curtis.

Someone who knows much more about it ought to write a book about the life of George Curtis. His career doubtless included many ups and downs, but there would be no chapter in it about his denial that "The show has got to go on."

When Curtis-Shankland Stock Co., toured this area, the Stookey lots afforded space for public entertainment. It was a highlight of the summer season when Curtis came to town. Some Sunday, a baggage car would be set out on the team track. Monday morning, a three-pole tent would blossom out on the show lot. Ambitious, energetic kids would swarm around to help in on the construction operation. They could carry and erect the braces and the boards that made the portable amphitheater, "the blues," or "peanut heaven," and horse in and install the folding chairs. Then, they rated passes for the week.

Each evening of the week, at about time to light the lamps, the show band would appear up on the square. The musicians formed a circle. George would make a little talk about the show, and tell how glad he was to be back for his annual appearance. The band

would give out with the old familiar pieces; the kind band men call "out of the little black shoestring book." Chances are that few if any had, or needed any book, and that some could not read music. But, when the leader called for Billboard, Showboy, or any of the standard works of one John Phillip Sousa, R. B. Hall and others of that school, all could bear down on it lustily.

At the conclusion of the concert, the band did not march, it just drifted slowly back to the showgrounds. It tolled what Curtis liked to call his "patronizers." At the box office, the band put on another concert. Some had to take out to help get things going, but the pieces carried on to finish up the program, winding up in time.

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QUART



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Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

12/1/60

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At the conclusion of the concert, the band did not march, it just drifted slowly back to the showgrounds. It tolled what Curtis liked to call his "patronizers." At the box office, the band put on another concert. Some had to take out to help get things going, but enough pieces carried on to finish up the program, winding up in triple-time.

Another theatrical authority, and some may prefer him, once said that "The play's the thing." William may have been a bit prejudiced. He was a playwright by trade. It is a safe bet that many can recall the way George Curtis looked, as "Toby," and how he carried on, and the "curtain talks" he made, and do not remember what the shows were all about. George, as "Toby," acted natural.

The old tent shows like Curtis staged would have been complete--and probably unprofitable--without the intermission sales of candy--"a prize in each and every box." The real bank-night feature was the grand prize of ten dollars. George would mislead nobody. He made it clear that he could not put a "ten case note" in every box--said "Shucks, wouldn't have enough to go as far out as to that there first pole." Prizes were insignificant, and the candy tasteless, but it was a lot of fun.

Before the closing act, Curtis would come out in front of the curtain to make a little talk. He would point out the situation in the play in progress. "Bet you all think that drummer feller's goin' to marry that farmer's purty daughter, don't ya?" "Heck--he kaint do that--she's my wife. Aint it a shame the way we fool youns?" He would admit that, in the play, "things is a heckuvamess, but we'll make everything come out as near even as possible."

Curtis was always full of confidence, and looked forward to a glowing future in his chosen field of operations. In his final, Saturday night performances, he would give more time to his little talk. He expressed, in deep sincerity, his appreciation of the audiences--his "patronizers." He always stated that he would not say "goodbye," just "Solong until next year."

And, as a further expression of his confidence in the future, he would proudly point out the banner that was displayed above the stage, and read it: "We will see you again."

With all the entertainment now available, somehow, many doubtless wish he could.

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

12/8/60

Only a scattered few of the extremely fortunate "seven tho to whom these lines are exposed ever knew "The Proctors. have been here only at rare intervals, and all too briefly undoubtedly, "Proc and Mrs. Proc" are "one for the book".

It is axiomatic, (a ritzy word, that,) that everybody writing racket plans to write a book--some time--but few get around to it. Anyone who stays around long enough and get around a bit will encounter lots of people who are easy to remember. Some are of unusual interest, even if they never do amou much. A big thick book could be contrived about "The Unim tant People I Have Met." When this man "Proc" as every called him, was first encountered, he would have rated a cha in it.

And, as a blind sow will find a few acorns, a little pamp might be put together about "Important People I have Met." "The Proctors" would belong in that limited collection. Rom Proctor, for years the head of the national association of puppett and the outstanding exponent of that ancient segment of s business, is no longer just another ordinary individual. He is Time. Tops in his line.

Some of us "Knew him when." One who, at times, stood in need of technical assistance in the so-called "art-work" of sundry forms of printed presentations, learned that it was well to take the problem up with "Proc." He was then a struggling commercial artist connected with an engraving shop in Springfield, Ill. He was stuck away in a backroom "studio," but there, he could interpret patrons' wants in artistry to enhance the printed word and photographic reproductions. He right well knew his stuff. That was, well, thirty some-odd years ago.

When not otherwise engaged, "Proc" was always tinkering at little doll-like gadgets and trinkets. Then, it was just to entertain the kids--his own and all comers. The Proctors' home was open house for everybody. Kids flocked in for blocks around and had barrels, of fun--and the hungry were fed; And, in those days, a lot of kids were hungry. No one was ever turned away.

Mrs. "Proc," like her artistic husband, fit right in the picture. When they had grown up, they never forgot how to play. They began by entertaining kids just for the fun of making others happy. As they became more proficient, the hobby began to pay. A look at their layout now, and a glance at their engagements, would reveal that it now pays off right well, thank you.

And, the big panel trailer with "Proctors' Puppetts," emblazoned on it, travels to just such sections of the country as "Proc" may prefer. Like the people in "You Can't Take It With You," they seem to do just what they right well please to do. St. Louis is one of their favored ports of call. Newspaper accounts often relate how they voluntarily entertain at various childrens' hospitals, and how well they are received--the pay they treasure highest.

Proctor knows what it is like to be laid up for repairs. When working late one night, backstage in Central highschool, Springfield, painting scenery, gratis, there was a gas-blast fire. "Proc" tried to put it out, unaided. They carried him out, badly burned. Some feared his hands would never regain their cunning. When he recovered, the gnarled and badly burned hands and arms looked like he had been dyer of a million Easter eggs. But his uncanny skill had not deserted him. The show kept right on going on.

What brought this up is that St. Louis papers carried a story, recently, that, for the first time in eighteen years, "Proctors' Puppetts" would not complete their classic six-weeks Christmas season en-at Scruggs. "Proc" was hospitalized.

Now, with his importance, he probably would not recall a one-time patron, associate and friend. But, if at large in the kitchen at Barnes hospital, when they send a tray up to old "Proc," I'd put TWO big, tall steaming hot mugs of strong black coffee on it. The girl at the urn in Thompsons knew to do that, without instructions.

Or, is that the pot calling the kettle black?

Random Recollection

OF

12/15/60

STANLEY G. SMITH

It must have been around the turn of the century--give or take a few years, one way or the other--that the county dismantled and removed the old iron fence that stood for years around the courtyard. Old pictures show it in place when it was not merely ornamental. When livestock ran at large, the courtyard needed that protection. And, stock buyers, at times, drove herds of cattle thru the streets to load carlots at the stockpens, about where Twin-County Farm Supply holds forth.

Tradition has it that in years long gone, stray sheep or hazel-splitter hogs that roamed the village streets might seek shelter in the hall of the court house, if someone left the doors open. County officials had to drive them out.

There may have been some dissenters when removal of the fence was ordered. Some always object to changes. No one now would suggest replacement of the once-time-honored landmark.

At one stage in the development of the business section here, there were those who lacked enthusiasm for the idea of removing shade trees and the array of wooden porches that then lined the quiet streets. One residenter, perhaps expressing the sentiments of many, held that such changes might make the place look more like some busy city, but that it still would not make this place Chicago; that it would still be Pinckneyville. But, the comforting shade and shelter of the more or less unsightly sheds passed from the peaceful scene.

A little research into the matter of the courtyard fence, and when it was removed, has divulged a little yarn that may throw some

anybody cares. It is recalled that all around in a game called "Currency" goes, Drie-- of a smallpox

an epidemic de- 96 or 97--when the old church house that didn't call it an iso- at the southwest cor- ed--a word less familiar d out the same window-- aths in passing, fearful of enough to wear a

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Random Recollection

OF

12/15/60

STANLEY G. SMITH

It must have been around the turn of the century--few years, one way or the other--that the county removed the old iron fence that stood for years around house yard. Old pictures show it in place when it was ornamental. When livestock ran at large, the county that protection. And, stock buyers, at times, drove the thru the streets to load carlots at the stockpens. Twin-County Farm Supply holds forth.

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At one stage in the development of the business there were those who lacked enthusiasm for the idea of shade trees and the array of wooden porches that lined the quiet streets. One resident, perhaps expressing the opinion of many, held that such changes might make the place like some busy city, but that it still would not make Chicago; that it would still be Pinckneyville. But, the shade and shelter of the more or less unsightly shed the peaceful scene.

A little research into the matter of the courtyard fence it was removed, has divulged a little yarn that may

light on the subject, in case anybody cares. It is recalled that when, at night, kids chased each other all around in a game called "Go Sheep Go", someone slammed the north gate of the courtyard fence against the sore and swollen arm of one George "Currency" Driemeyer. At that particular time, or so the story goes, Driemeyer's arm was right well festured up as the result of a smallpox vaccination.

Vaccinations then were administered only when an epidemic demanded. Smallpox broke out strong about 1896 or 97--when then Miss Georgie Wirts taught school in the old church house that stood on Douglas Street near Randolph. They didn't call it an isolation hospital, a pest house was established at the southwest corner of that intersection. It was integrated--a word less familiar then. Ira Sledger and "Tiny" Hodge looked out the same window--and second-graders would hold their breaths in passing, fearful of the dread disease. "Tiny" had it bad enough to wear a stippled ebony complexion from then on.

And, there was another proposed alteration to the courtyard scene. It died at birth. For some unknown reason, some so-called civic leaders imported a specialist for a fund-raising campaign. This community has no more need for imported fund-raisers than it has to bring in basketball coaches. They grow here. But, this expert was here to do his stuff.

One night, he had to make a talk on "The City Beautiful", or some such hifaluting subject. The court room was packed. He got along well enough until he began telling just what we ought to do. He considered waistful, the space devoted to grass and shade trees all around the courthouse; said it should be paved with concrete right up to the courthouse walls. Imagine.

Quinn Charlton, as sheriff of Perry county, was duly authorized to maintain that property as he right well saw fit. Quinn spoke right out promptly and, one might add, emphatically. The only address that comes to mind as comparable in emphasis and in colorful expressions is the oration of one Hon. Cassius M. Jackson against,

Closing syllables of Kansas and Arkansas are spelled alike but not pronounced the same. Cassius had his way.

Grass may be somewhat dormant now, and the trees bare and in the courtyard at this season. But, when Spring comes again, and soft zephyrs play among the branches, they will bud forth again. No one will mistake it for Times Square--still Pinckneyville--and so may it ever be.

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

It was only forty years ago--1920--when The Advocate published a Perry County atlas. Thumbing thru its pages awakens recollections. It provides a fund of information as to how things were then--not now.

Page one presents a view of the printing plant as it was then. The location was the same but the interior, and the equipment, as well as the staff had changed. The camera had been set up near the front door and aimed toward the northwest corner of the room. Four members of the staff are scattered around about. One is, undoubtedly, the late "Walt" Simms. Others are, presumably, W. W., the boss himself, and Howard, "Doc", to all of us then. The cut is somewhat indistinct. And, there is a lady employee in the picture. She was decked out in a white shirtwaist and a long dark skirt. The big long legs don't look like working togs for a compositor. (there was another name for em, but she may have doiled up a bit that day to have her picture taken.

The array of open racks and type cases would indicate that the paper was still in the handset era in 1920. Simms did pioneer with an lino type when many less progressive, or less prosperous shops still did things the hard way. The "masthead" of the publication proudly boasted that The Advocate was all home print. No "ready-prints" or "patent insides" for Billy Simms--even if, at times, he had to plate out a few columns here and there.

Someone did a right good job of selling space in this publication. It looks like almost every bank in the county helped Simms cover costs of putting out the book. There have been changes in the banking business since that time. None of the bank ads say anything about any Federal Deposit Insurance. One claimed that every dollar was made safe by American Guaranty Co. It offered for percent interest on deposits. It did, but it don't anymore.

Murphy-Wall State Bank and Trust Co., was good for a page. It is a well worded, dignified presentation of its service. It is a good bet that Charlie Bischof wrote it. Jos. Crawford and J. G. Taffee, then president and vice-president, are no longer with us. The roster also lists Chas. J. Bischof as cashier and C. H. Dintelman as his assistant. The friendly, smiling faces of these two worthy citizens appear at that institution now only when they right well want to visit it. They know how to take it easy.

The automobile business was not much of source of revenue for this publication forty years ago. One page was sold to the concern that made the 1920 model Grant--represented in Perry County by



Random Recollection

OF

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J. H. Meten, Du Quoin and Harry M. Dunn, at Pinckneyville. The display presents a picture of the four-door touring car. It was the kind that had a top that was supposed to fold back in a few simple motions, and side curtains to button on in case of rain. The wheels had wooden spokes. Right snazzy looking job.

The Illinois Sixth Vein Coal Co., of Pinckneyville and Chicago was good for a half-page display. Many will recall it as the Eddie Hartenfeldt outfit. "Servants to His Majesty, King Coal," the company called itself. Eddie was quite a promoter. They offered to buy coal mines, lease them, or to run them on a contract basis. About that time, the company had a lemonade and icecream stand at the Fair. For all employees and their families, the refreshments were on the house. Eddie wanted his employees to like him.

Another coal concern now long gone was Ritchey Coal Co., known later as No. 5 Mine. W. S. Wilson, W. T. and S. S. (Tom and Sherman) Ritchey were listed in their ad. as officers. They called their product "Beaucoup Coal."

Another advertiser now no longer around to benefit from any free plug herein was P. H. Walker's hardware store. The display mentions lanterns, more in demand prior to rural electrification. And, it featured washing machines. The kind he would have offered then would beat the task of handridding a washboard but it would be far from automatic. He would have had the kind that cleaned the clothes by sloughing suds repeatedly until about half a bar of home made soap would be dissolved. The hours of constant sloughing would be powered by some hard working women swinging a long handle back and forth to rock the wooden cradle-like outfit back and forth. The "Good Old Days?"

75

PERRY COUNTY ADVOCATE

ROBERT W. KLINGER, Editor
MRS. L. J. MCDONALD AND H. R. STANTON, Publishers
PHONE 4516

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By Percy "Honolulu Correspondent" Smith

(Editor's Note-) The Advocate has proudly claimed Percy B. Smith as its own exclusive staff correspondent in Honolulu. From that source, this issue provides a play-by-play account of an historic event--the first session of the electoral college in Hawaii, the 50th state. As election results were inconclusive, Dec., 19, 1960, the procedure reported seems a bit on the "so-what" side. That the action taken on the date stipulated would provide both parties with the requisite documents seems to be the only explanation for duplicate action--like a sports writer concocting two lead paragraphs before a football game, before the kickoff.

Smith's story of the August event has been lifted from his letter--not intended for publication. It goes like this:

"Electors of both parties cast three votes for president and vice-president today in the throne room of Iolani Palace, while I watched for an hour and three-quarters; seated on a luxuriously cushioned chair. (The chair, in "the west," might have been that of the "L. S. V. G.")--the letter said. Lodge brethren will know he had a ring-side seat.

Promptly at 2:00 p.m., Republican electors were seated at a table with stacks of papers six or eight inches high; went to signing names and fumbling with the papers. After five minutes of this, by the watch, the three went into voting booths along the wall, curtained off with striped, expensive-looking material. They were behind the curtains five minutes by the watch. Then, they sat at the table, talking to each other, fumbling around and signing papers for another forty minutes.

From the beginning, three TV movie outfits were on the job and maybe forty news photographers were crawling and squatting all over the place taking pictures. I began to think they were filibustering with a sit-down strike to stay all day to prevent action of the Democrats who had come in and were seated.

Republicans retired; Democrats took over. The three looked pitiful. (1) "Old Aunt Jenny," said to be 90--wheel chair patient; widow of an ex-governor, ex-mayor or something. They carry her around to all of the big Democratic rallies and such. This dates

back to when she hulaed and played around with Royalty before the turn of the century. (2) Another old coot, also helpless in wheel chair. He smoked a long cigar just like the illustrious Joe Cannon--even where that was forbidden. The third was said to be 79. They were pushed to the table, piloted by a lawyer who engineering the recount for the Demos. He gave them pens and showed them where to sign. Sad--and amusing--the way the wheel chairs could not get into the booths. Their hind ends stuck out for five minutes while they did whatever they do in there. After voting, they sat at the table and shuffled papers. That was it. No speeches, no ceremonies, except as here-in related."

The report goes on to add a bit of color, thusly: "The throne room is magnificent. In "the east" is the throne; gold inlaid chairs, etc. Room is about the size of a lodge room, and seated like one. Only 26 chairs of all sorts were counted, I had been there several times but on other occasions, the walls were roped off about four feet so that the chairs could not be touched by visitors--Except, during Legislature, this is "The House", crowded.

(P. B. anticipated a question about just how he rated such a prominent position.) "Arriving early, I found in the room, except attendants, a group of four or five distinguished looking men. After standing around a few minutes, I was spotted by a tall, grey haired dignitary. I heard him excuse himself from the others. Stepping over to me, he extended his hand and said, "Excuse me, I hope I am not mistaken, but aren't you Mrs. Tuttle's father?" I answered that I was proud to say I am. Then, said he, "We want you to have one of these good seats."

The letter explained that the courteous dignitary was later identified as a past president of University of Hawaii who had recently attended a social gathering at the Tuttle home, and had seen but not met him.

When this was written, they were recounting votes, and planning to recount the recount--and the recount of the recount of the count. Close.

77

Random Recollection

OF

1/2/61
STANLEY G. SMITH

With an assist from the Perry county atlas that the Advocate put out way back in 1920, it seems in order to ponder over the names of streams that meander thru this area.

By way of size, it would be in order to start with Little Muddy River, boundry line between this county and Franklin. One would presume it got the name of muddy because it was. One of its tributaries drew the unusual name of Blacksop--whereby "Scatterin's of the Blacksop" designates an area around about Old DuQuoin. Hog Creek empties into Little Muddy a little farther upstream. Why Hog? Maybe it started out in life as Hoge, after a family name of prominence in the Sunfield sector; o did they come soon enough for that?

Little Muddy River sprangles up northwesterly into Washington county. The map maker failed to name some of the little branches that empty into it, but, evenso, there is a river within the county. It is not much of a river, but, over in Randolph County, there are a lot of bridges over little streams called Mary's River. When is a river just a creek, or a creek only a branch?

The stream that splits the county near the middle, from Washington to Jackson county, is the justly celebrated Beaucoup Creek. Those who drink therefrom return for more. Some French exporter must have discovered it in a highwater season, and figured it was sufficient, plenty, enough, or whatever beaucoup is supposed

to mean. There are those who pronounce that name Beau--co, as in Little Bo Peep. They do not belong hereabouts. The right way is BUCK--like a he deer, or what a bad broncho does.

And, the same misguided individual who would thus desecrate the name of that worthy stream might go wrong on pronouncing the name of a stream that empties into it just north of Pinckneyville. The map calls it O'Possum Branch. He who so pronounces it can buy his own coffee.

Maps may show "Muddy" rivers, big and little, in other areas. It could be that others, elsewhere, drew the name Beaucoup. Those French explorers got around. But this section, in fairground parlance, "has the X on" one geographic name, Galum.

Somebody came up with an explanation of that name's peculiar origin. And, there is, alledgedly, some supporting evidence. That yarn, as it is recalled, is that some pioneer tried to make a map of the area that creek and its tributaries drain. Someone who had been along before him had named the stream Columbus--after that old sailor who got the queen to hock her wristwatch to stake him. This would-be map-maker spelled words like they sound. And, with a trace of his native tongue remaining, Columbus became Galumbus--and he ran out of paper before he got it all set down.

Well, there had to be some reason for it.

There are many little branches that have names that may have been given to them for some good reason. A tributary of Galum that meanders southward six or seven miles is labeled Bonny Creek at a highway bridge. Some scottzman must have liked it.

Reece's Creek, Swanwick Creek, Craig Branch and sundry others, scattered around, doubtless drew their names from those of early settlers. How some got such names as Pipestone, Rattlesnake, White Walnut, Blacksop and "The Slash," perhaps nobody now would know.

Then, there is a legend about the stream we know as Panther Creek. Some may know nothing of the creek, but associate its name with this community, and for a few good reasons.

A pioneer name of Painter was first given to this Beaucoup tributary, or so the story goes. Panthers, in the back-woodsy parlance of the old pioneers, were called "Painters." Thereby the old settlers associated the name of the small but mighty stream with that of the agile cat they called the panther only when they put on airs. So, as a mark of refinement, the good name of Painter had to bow out of the picture in such respect for the name Panther. Many still do.

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Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

The now long defunct Murphysboro Independent, and its able
editor, now retired, Fred Rollins, plus the late Senator Harry
Wilson, are entitled to such commendation as this offering may
earn.

A yellowed clipping, herewith offered, tells the entire story to
many of the older generation. They knew Adam Owen, probably
known to them only as Adam, the last of that extinct species, The
Hotel Runner.

Read this, then more about Adam:

HONORS ADAM OWEN WITH PASS TO PERRY CO. FAIR

Adam Owen, veteran porter at the Logan House, known to two
generations of the traveling public, is in receipt of a complimen-
tary ticket to the Perry County Fair and the following fine letter
from the Secretary, Harry Wilson:

Pinckneyville, Ill., Sept. 26, 1922

Mr. Adam Owens,
Murphysboro, Ill.,
Dear Sir:

It is the custom of the Great Perry County Fair to admit free all
persons 70 years of age and over.

One of the principal objects of this Fair is to encourage the breed-
ing and perfection of man's best and noblest friend, the horse. You
were born a slave and grew to the age of manhood before the
shackles were struck off by the immortal Lincoln. You learned to
love a horse, and have a record for faithful service in caring for
many years of which you may well be proud. You have associated
with what in their days were Kings and Queens of the Turf. Nature
smiled and opened a generous hand when she gave to man the
horse, and it is largely due to such men as you that the breed was
steadily improved.

In order that you may enjoy the associations with the horses and
the horse-lovers at our Fair, and favor the younger men with stories
of your long and honorable experience, we take pleasure in hand-
ing you herewith a complimentary ticket.

Hoping that you will be with us for many years,

Yours very truly,

Harry Wilson

Sec. Perry County Fair

Early in this century, when salesmen traveled on passenger trains
and filled hotels to over-flowing, Adam Owen was a right well
known personality. Passengers arriving at either the Illinois Central
or the then Mobile & Ohio, (The Molly,) depot in Murphysboro,

would see and hear the courteous, colored dignitary.

Adam always wore a uniform--blue serge with brass buttons--and
a cap on which a shiny brass insignia identified him as the porter
the Logan House. And Adam was justly proud of his connection
with the Logan family.

A big flatbed dray wagon was backed up near the depot at the
command of Adam. On a good day, the wagon would be loaded
down to its physical capacity with the sample trunks and cases and
the personal luggage of the scores of salesmen, commonly called
drummers.

The brick paved entrance from Walnut Street that now ends at
"The Commander Room," was a driveway in the days of old. The
dray load of baggage halted there, and Adam could sort out all the
pieces unerringly.

As the old clipping implies, Adam could right well entertain a
hotel lobby full of travelers with his many stories of his long and
checkered career. He seldom spoke of his acquaintance with the
illustrious Gen. John A. Logan, who but for the quirks of politics
would have been Vice President, and, perhaps President. His idol
was "Mistah Tom." Tom Logan's name in history books will be
found only in the ones they wrote about horse racing, but it stands
out in the old records of that nature.

Old Adam's day around the racetracks was much too far back for
any of us who are around today. But, with the interested audience
he always had, Adam could talk a splendid trotting race.

One of his favorite yarns related how "Mistah Tom" left him in
charge of the Logan string of trotters at Paducah--told him to re-
frain from starting in one important race if a certain other trotter
was entered. You guessed it --- somebody talked him into starting
anyway, and he "win" in straight heats. Now if Adam could have
told it, you would see the field thundering down the stretch, hear
the music of the drumming hooves, and smell the witchhazel,
Ketchel's, the hot leather, and Adam. Few can write like he
could talk.

May have been used to the "Annie Oakley" that the clipping
tells about, but one Friday --- Free-for-all-day --- at "The Great
and Only," a racing fan from Murphysboro alighted from the after-
noon train and figured that, with luck, the only taxi could get him
to the grounds before the race. He saw Adam alight from the same
train, look wistfully at the cab, and start the long walk to the
fairgrounds.

The lone passenger had the driver overtake old Adam and let him
ride along. The passengers' complexions did not match, but,
underneath, they were brothers in the great fraternity of horse lovers.

They saw the race --- and enjoyed it. That was Pinckneyville ---
not Little Rock.

LETTER TO EDITOR:

Dear Bob:

You did a splendid job editing
and passing to your 7,000 readers
my impressions of the Electors of
two parties voting for president
and vice-president. This was
written without any thought of
publicity, but I am glad you and
Stanley gave it to the public.
The affair was a "much ado about
nothing" but neither party could
have done otherwise.

About the re-count, the sur-
prising thing is that while when
first proposed it was said the cost
would be enormous--some said as
much as \$32,000. Volunteer
workers of both parties did the
job, at Total cost of very few
dollars. But some of the counters
probably as well qualified as I
would be to run your linotypes.

The 24 page December edition
of your paper merits a letter of
praise I am unable to write. Ex-
cellent was your writing of the

high-lights, darkness, losses and
gains, the summary of another
year; Lots of work is evident of
yours; the selling was a big job,
well done. Close to 80 patrons
were induced to come across with
what it takes to buy shoes and
pork chops, and I hope they think
they got their money's worth and
continue your support.

As to the typography am not a
qualified judge. As to the baby's
picture in colors;----the old
story of backwoodsman that had
never seen a Giraffe. On seeing
one, he said, "There ain't no sich
animal." I, ignorant as I am of
printer's art, say "There ain't no
country print shop that can do
that." But, you did.

Congratulations to the Stantons,
and all the force.

I see much of the history made
here from the side-lines-a lot of
it before it is made, and find life
interesting. Hesitate often to tell
folks back home of unusual things
as want to keep whatever reputa-
tion I have as teller of the
truth.

With best wishes

79

Random Recollection

OF

26/61
STANLEY G. SMITH

Now, if any uninformed traveler asked about the way to travel from Pinckneyville to Du Quoin, and about how far it was, he would learn that he could go eastward to Sunfield Wye, then south on 51, or southward to the Pyatt wye, thence eastward, about a fifteen minute drive.

Time was when directions would have been much different. Unless Beaucoup creek was up too high, and by way of variety, the trip might start thru "Oklahoma," down a long clay hill, across the bottom to cross the creek at "Yaller Banks." Nobody would pronounce it yellow. Or, farther south, the crossing could be made by turning off past Timpner's at Woodside's Ford, the celebrated picnic area, terminus of many hayrides. Or, the old East Four Mile road, over Ozburn hill, then east, would get you there.

When most folks made a trip like that, on business, to visit, or just for the buggy ride, that was something worth talking about.

The time-honored, direct route, was called the Du Quoin road. It took about an hour for the average outfit to make the trip. There always were reports of much better records made by faster horses or more ruthless drivers. Horsemen, like fishermen and hunters, could demonstrate a little elasticity.

Starting eastward from the public square, the traveler was soon out of town. On the north side of East Water street, there were two houses east of the Ford garage corner--Billy Williams' home and the Bommersheim residence. There were only a few on the south

side--the last, near the foot of "Bartle Hill," was known as the "Willer Hotel," for some vague reason.

The east side area, now all built up with modern homes, with Rosedale spreading southward, was much different then. What was pasture land is now what John D. Dunn would call "The rubber-tired district, where the horses eat cornflakes."

The road wavered off south of the present highway about where the gas line gadgets are installed. The big "Iron Bridge" was then an awe inspiring structure for youngsters to explore. Crossed braces, between the deck and the high arched superstructure, clanked, one against another from the vibration of the traffic. To some, it was an ominous, foreboding sound. Some contended that it foretold the collapse of the big bridge. But, it served out its long life span.

Beyond the big bridge, there were two others--long frame structures, to carry the traffic up out of creek bottom mud and backwater. Of these, the longer, farther east, if memory serves correctly, had an extension on the north side. That was so, if two drivers met amid-bridge, one could turn out to let the other pass. Teams and wagons clattering over these long bridges made a lot of racket. They could be heard clear up around Breese Lake, or downstream to Kaiser's footbridge.

There were other memorable spots along the route. "Gypsy Hill," they called one--a short sharp incline at the east edge of Panther Creek bottoms. Pretty place, but a hard pull going up. On the downgrade, the horses looked like they were sitting on the breeching, shafts angled upward, and one might dread a broken ho'back strap. Scareye.

Then, there was the Ward place--scheduled stop to water horses. Like many, the old homestead had the usual two-story white house on one side of the road and a big barn on the other. The well and water trough were at the side of the road where weary travelers might find rest and refreshment. It took a little time and effort to manipulate the well rope and hoist an adequate supply of clear, cold water, but it was well worth it. A tired horse, with his check-rein unhooked, would bow in gratitude, and nuzzle into the trough for relief from the heat. He might express his appreciation by sloughing his slobbery mug against the sleeve of your nice new Sunday suit.

Then, after a long stretch eastward, there was the old slack road on southward, past the salt works. That was something--first and only all-weather road that many of us ever saw. There were no ruts or mudholes in it. Dust was never very deep. Good place for impromptu races. That was all to the good except for one little drawback. Any driving horse that had not been around much was sure to shy a bit at the salt works. Clouds of steam from the big vats where salt water was boiled down would blow across the road. That was terrifying. At night, the glare of furnace fires, stoked the hard way, added agony. It took a bit of horsemanship to get some frantic nags to pass beneath the tramway for transporting coal from the mine east of the road and railroad tracks.

Many doubtless had good reason to regret the passing of the salt industry, but it ended a traffic hazard. Many adversities have redeeming features.

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

When the earliest of the pioneers pronounced this favored spot their journeys' end, this old "recollector" did not peek out thru the curtains to watch them unload their furniture. There are no motion picture films nor tape recordings to reveal just what they cherished most among their meager possessions.

From their saddle bags and covered wagons, along with such essentials as shooting irons and frying pans, they must have brought along their Bibles. Such information as is now available indicates that early settlers united for religious services in their humble homes. From this commendable custom, the first church organizations developed and the first "meeting houses" hereabouts were soon erected.

One with great ability and more diligence; and there are so many of them--might trace the origin and detail the history of the various religious bodies that have functioned here. Research might reveal some facts about all the churches that have been erected in this community, with names and dates and the exact locations. One might come up with some construction contract costs and approximate the funds involved.

Whatever amount of cash has been invested, plus other sacrifices made, the total cost involved could never be compared to the intangible dividends derived. They are not expressed in figures with a dollar sign.

The city now can point with pride to nine churches of seven Christian denominations. It is improbable that there have been more, at any time. All of them have been constructed since this observer of the local scene merited his papers as a sidewalk superintendent. None qualify as ancient landmarks, but some of the congregations today are several generations removed from the "founding fathers."

How many churches there may have been in years long past that now have ceased to function would call for some extensive research. They also played their parts in the religious life of this community. They left their imprint on the population. Their influence is a part of the rich heritage that we enjoy today.

It would call for some intensive research, but it might be rewarding, to find out about the United Presbyterian church that stood on Walnut street, where the Doerr and Son establishment now stands. The Hopewell church, also extinct, had celebrated its centennial before disbanding, if memory serves correctly--and the one that functioned on Walnut street helped in its institution. It must have been among the first to function here.

From stories that come down to us by word-of-mouth, the most extensive and impressive funeral in the history of this community was conducted in that house of worship. On May 30, every year, many may be reminded of it. About thirty government issue tombstones, aligned in one long row, mark the common grave of as many local victims of one fateful engagement in the war between the states.

The late Henry Schaub has related that, as a small boy, he viewed the remains of soldiers, returned from the conflict, when they

The funeral of any individual brings grief to those concerned. How much harder it would be to bear that grief without the comfort of spiritual surroundings would be hard to estimate. How much sorrows surrounded the families, the neighbors and the friends of all of those war casualties--a substantial percentage of the male population then--is something that can only be imagined. That grief would have been immeasurably more difficult to bear if there had been no faith such as that church instilled.

So long as service organizations function, the common grave of this group of war fatalities, along with countless other resting places, will receive due recognition. Some might deem it an act of "waving the bloody shirt," but the history-conscious might consider it in order to mark the spot where this impressive funeral was conducted.

It should not be forgotten--or should it?

Random Recollection

OF

2/2/61

STANLEY G. SMITH

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How many churches there may have been in years long past that now have ceased to function would call for some extensive research. They also played their parts in the religious life of this community. They left their imprint on the population. Their influence is a part of the rich heritage that we enjoy today.

It would call for some intensive research, but it might be rewarding, to find out about the United Presbyterian church that stood on Walnut street, where the Doerr and Son establishment now stands. The Hopewell church, also extinct, had celebrated its centennial before disbanding, if memory serves correctly--and the one that functioned on Walnut street helped in its institution. It must have been among the first to function here.

From stories that come down to us by word-of-mouth, the most extensive and impressive funeral in the history of this community was conducted in that house of worship. On May 30, every year, many may be reminded of it. About thirty government issue tombstones, aligned in one long row, mark the common grave of as many local victims of one fateful engagement in the war between the states.

The late Henry Schaub has related that, as a small boy, he viewed the remains of soldiers, returned from the conflict, when they

lay in rows for that historic funeral. To most of us today, the resting place of these one-time citizens is just a row of headstones that bear the name, rank and outfit of each of the fatalities. Many of the names of men we never knew indicate that they were members of families that are well known today.

The funeral of any individual brings grief to those concerned. How much harder it would be to bear that grief without the comfort of spiritual surroundings would be hard to estimate. How much sorrows surrounded the families, the neighbors and the friends of all of those war casualties--a substantial percentage of the male population then--is something that can only be imagined. That grief would have been immeasurably more difficult to bear if there had been no faith such as that church instilled.

So long as service organizations function, the common grave of this group of war fatalities, along with countless other resting places, will receive due recognition. Some might deem it an act of "waving the bloody shirt," but the history-conscious might consider it in order to mark the spot where this impressive funeral was conducted.

It should not be forgotten--or should it?

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

2/9/61

From information that others have recorded, it is apparent that the First Methodist Church of Pinckneyville has existed longer than any of the other local congregations. Like most all institutions, it has undergone some changes in its longer career. Not many years ago, it was known as the Methodist-Episcopal Church-M. E. Church, for short--and that saved a lot of ink.

Tradition has it that some of the more pious pioneers of Pinckneyville began to conduct devotions in the home of Humphrey B. Jones. Just when these "cottage prayermeetings" began is not entirely clear. It has been set down, that as early as in 1837, the religious body was organized by one Rev. James Dickens, presumably a circuit rider. Dickens--heckuva name for a preacher.

Presumably, the congregation flourished and outgrew the accommodations of the Jones residence--probably the most commodious in the community. After all, Humphrey B. was doctor-lawyer postmaster and just about the whole courthouse staff of the county he had helped create. At any rate, the story is that meetings were held in the courthouse until 1857. Then the first house of worship for that congregation was erected.

That building served until 1882, when it was replaced by one that was on the scene long enough for many of us to remember it. It occupied a part of the area at the northeast corner of Mill and South streets that the present house of worship covers.

There may be some pictures of that old building still around. At one time, a miniature scale model of it was displayed at the Roe and Wallace drugstore. Dr. Thomas Hamilton Roe, (Ham Roe to some of us,) created it. He would. His talents in creative activities were highly diversified--like those of his nephew, Chas. B.

The church house that the congregation built back in 1882 was, no doubt, an impressive edifice in its day and time. It was designed along simple lines--an oblong structure with a tall spire above the double doors that opened on the south. The sexton stoked a big coal stove, but then there was no plumbing to freeze. Electricity was unavailable during the last years it served.

The bell that serves in the more modern structure now was mounted in the steeple then--but not in the same manner. When most church bells ring, the clappers strike deliberately, methodically, in a uniformly measured beat. They ring "Ding Dong," as the old lighthouse song expresses it. Not so with the M. E. Church bell as it was then. The rigging must have been geared so that the sexton, pulling the rope, caused the bell to turn one complete somersault with each downward tug on the bell rope. One who is musically literate might set down its joyful foundelay as two whole notes followed by three quarter-notes--rest and repeat, continuously.

That somewhat syncopated sound, some said, rang out a combined invitation and request. Words set to the music were: "Come---And--bring-a-dime," and repeat, continuously. Then a dime was not to be surprised. It would buy the preacher a pair of socks. It was worth two loaves of bread from Buettner's or the milk man would ladle out two quarts of milk to get it.

The M. E. Church then, like others, managed to get along without a basement for social events. When the Ladies Aid Society conducted its bazaars, occasionally, in the Kunze Opera House, they worked hard to help the cause along. Booths erected along the walls provided places to display and vend all manner of fancy work that the good sisters of the church had labored long and hard and skillfully to create.

Or, in summer, strawberry festivals and ice cream sociables, held in the courthouse yard, served to supplement the funds that found their way into the collection baskets. Wagner's band might furnish entertainment.

The present structure--vintage of 1907--and since repeatedly improved--may be a bit less "modern" than some, in its facilities and appearance. But, in comparison with its worthy predecessors, it reveals a vast improvement over the best there was back in the so-called "Good old days."

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

2/16/61

82

"The mists of antiquity" are hard to penetrate. Glimpses thru them may be somewhat distorted. Blending written history with unrecorded legends and traditions of any institution may yield a compound of fact and fiction.

The First Baptist Church of Pinckneyville, because of its antiquity, among other attributes, is a noteworthy element of this community. Well worthy of reproduction, an outline of the origin of that congregation is still on file. This bit of history identifies its writer as W. S. D. Smith. That, in my book, means "You can kiss the book on it," So--quote:

"The first person of the Baptist faith to take up her abode in Pinckneyville was the wife of Jas. E. Gordon of Kentucky--the family locating here in 1846, though her first visit to this place was made when she was a girl of twelve, riding behind her father on a horse (in 1830) to visit his son, Humphrey B. Jones, the founder of Pinckneyville and our county organization.

"In 1854, with the coming of the Gruner family, came Chas. Song--a sturdy German--a Baptist deacon. In 1858, by the assistance of Elders Peter Hagler and Hamilton Sampson, of DuQuoin, Chas. Song, Mrs. Gordon, Geo. Baxter, Thos. Thompson, Wm. Davis and wife (Sarah), Mrs. Sarah Davis and James F. Mason constituted a Baptist church, taking the name "Pinckneyville Baptist Church," but the organization did not long continue.

"Three of these Baptists, however, Chas. Song, Mrs. Malone (formerly Gordon) and Jas. F. Mason, with Dr. A. B. Hogard and Ellen, his wife, R. M. Davis and Catherine O., his wife, Mrs. Louise Denny and Parthenia Church were duly organized on July 30, 1865, taking the doctrinal known as "The New Hampshire Confession." This was at a meeting held in the "Old Hall" near the site of the water tower. P. W. Jones and J. G. Rutter were the presbytery, and the former was chosen pastor with R. M. Davis as clerk."

From the quote, that's all there is--there isn't any more.

Now, to elucidate a little: This Mrs. Jas. E. Gordon, who later became Mrs. (Patrick) Malone-- one of the three who tried and failed but tried again to found a Baptist church, has great-great-grand-children scattered all around today. Frank Woosley's children are among them. So are the youngsters that call this writer Grandpa.

From the unrecorded history of this religious institution that has endured so long, it may be well to put in print this word-of-mouth report:

When W. S. D. Smith was first appointed deputy clerk, he saddled up his horse and came to Pinckneyville to stay. The Gosney House became his temporary home. It stood where the B. & G. Furniture Store now operates. On his first night in his new surroundings, he heard the bell on what his sketch calls the "Old Hall." We knew it, years later, as "Temperance Hall."

Asking what the bell was ringing for, he was informed that a small group of Baptists were holding meetings. The assorted assorted assembly of hotel guests and loafers congregated in the hotel lobby expressed little if any interest in religious meetings. Some were just plain downright derogatory. Not Walter Smith.

His story went on that, as a rouwler, and even then a licensed minister of that faith, he told the group that, if a Baptist meeting was in progress that was right where he belonged.

On his first night in Pinckneyville, the newly appointed public servant went to church. There he met this Mrs. Malone--one of the persistent three. And, doubtless more important to him, he also met her daughter, Laura Go don--and "walked her home." Fast Worker. And, as the story book would have it, "They married, and lived happily ever after." Maybe not too happily. "The Old Recollector," proud of that ancestry, probably contributed much too little to their happiness.

Many young men, on their first night in new surroundings, might have hunted up a poker game o something to pass the evening. Some seem to choose the proper path. Some of us can, at least, claim a relationship to some who have done much for this community.

83

Random Recollection

OF

2/23/61
STANLEY G. SMITH

Any properly conducted sight-seeing tour of Pinckneyville would include a stop where St. Louis and Mill streets intersect. The modern edifice at that corner, the First Baptist Church of Pinckneyville, would reflect credit upon any comparable community.

That statement would have been authentic almost a century ago.

A small, rectangular red brick structure was erected at that corner farther back in history than any now around recall. A tour conductor then might well have pulled up on the reins and waved his buggywhip to point out the splendid features of that house of worship. He may have indicated the substantial sandstone foundation and the broad steps at the entrance, alquarried locally.

He may have told, too, how the demand upon the Pat Malone brickyard had exhausted the inventory; that some of the bricks had been loaded direct from the kiln, so hot they scorched the wagon bed while enroute across town from the "Bullwinkle" plant--a noteworthy local industry now long since defunct.

The tall and narrow high arched windows, with frosted glass, crosshatched diagonally, may have been a detail of especial interest--and a contributing factor to the cost that must have been a burden to the then small congregation. Building costs always are. This tour conductor would also indicate the deep-toned bell which still functions, and the steeple above it. By no means as tall as the artistic spire adorning the present sanctuary, it pointed in the same direction.

When increasing attendance demanded, an addition was constructed. The original rectangle became an L-shaped structure. At the back of the added "lecture room," sliding doors closed off a space for the Sunday School's primary classes. There, patient teachers attempted to train restless youngsters in the ways that they should go. Lesson helps, then available, financed from collections of pennies, included picture cards that many treasured. They depicted Bible stories, all inspiring. Any youngster might right well have yearned to have been one of the pair that toted back that bunch of grapes that swagged the pole from which it was suspended--anyway the one that walked behind. He could have reached out and pulled grapes off to eat them on the way.

The old brick building had no central heating system. Oversized coal stoves served the purpose. When this century was young, the faithful custodian of the building was that artistic prevaricator, "Doc" Bigby. It was he who claimed he taught the preacher about stealing chickens from the roost.

"Doc" could ease a scuttleful of coal into the stove, when needed, without creating any more commotion than a peglegged tin peddler on a sheet iron roof. And, when the makeshift mantle lamp system had to do after the power plant burned down, he could stumble up the creaking stairway to the little gallery and work the wheezing hand pump to restore air pressure in the tank, quietly--like a circus donkey in a tin stall.

may be authentic. As rehearsed, a controversy arose about the matter of heating the water, in severe winter weather, at least enough to prevent freezing. The opposition to that idea claimed that the scriptures said nothing about warming up the water for the commemorative ceremony. Proponents of the water-heating project thereupon retorted that the book was just as silent about freezing it in advance.

There are so many denominations, it would appear that some may have slivered away from others over details of no greater consequence. But all-like the modest steeple of the little old brick church, and the gleaming spire of its modern successor--point heavenward. So be it.

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"Doc," who liked to add embroidery to any incident, had a yarn that would not fit in all denominations. It was about the time the baptism failed to function. When the minister was ready to administer the ordinance of baptism--by immersion, that is--"Doc" removed the cover and made a startling discovery. To inform the preacher, he said that he reported, "Parson, it dry as a bone." That, the janitor commented, "would make a preacher cuss." And, he ventured the opinion that the preacher may have "cussed inwardly--jess a little bit."

And, there was another incident involving the baptism--maybe no more authentic. As rehearsed, a controversy arose about the matter of heating the water, in severe winter weather, at least enough to prevent freezing. The opposition to that idea claimed that the scriptures said nothing about warming up the water for the commemorative ceremony. Proponents of the water-heating project thereupon retorted that the book was just as silent about freezing it in advance.

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Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

3/2/61

Even the names of religious institutions undergo alterations with the changing times. Now, it is "St. Paul's United Church of Christ" that owns that block in "Bullwinkle" bounded by Jackson, Gordon, Laurel and Sullivan streets.

This organization is new only in its present name. Soon it will be entitled to observe its "Centennial." It can trace its ancestry back to 1870. Records indicate that twenty families founded the church. A roster of the charter members, if available, would doubtless list German settlers who, with their progeny, have played important parts in local progress.

This church has also been known as St. Paul's Lutheran-Evangelical, as "Evangelical", and as "Evangelical and Reformed". The German language, presumably used exclusively in the beginning, gave way, part-time to English. Then, about the time one Kaiser Wilhelm grew in disrepute, the use of German in the services was abruptly discontinued.

Old timers will recall that, until in recent years, the church property included only the south half the block mentioned heretofore. The Moeckle home and that of "Tobacco Pete" Miller stood for many years on Laurel street, facing the Catholic rectory. This historic congregation looks forward toward increased expansion.

At the Jackson-Gordon corner, a small, rectangular brick structure served this congregation prior to 1911. Just east of it, there was a modest building to house a parochial school. Beyond, right at the Sullivan street corner, the parsonage stood for years. Its front porch was just back of a white picket fence--and Rev. Buschmann, portly as he was, would sit serenely on that porch, encased in his long black ministerial coat, no matter how warm the weather.

Long before the then Evangelical and Reformed church acquired the old fire bell, it had two bells in the belfry. About sundown, Saturdays, they chimed out in an impressive moundelay, announcing the coming Sabbath--a reminder to barefoot boys that, come morning, blue denim overalls would give way to scratchy knee-

length pants, and that heavy ribbed black stockings, held up by tight elastic garters, had to be endured.

"The Feast of Pentecost," as the then predominantly German congregation observed it, was an annual event of importance for many years. It must have been a lot of work. The faithful of that congregation provided all comers with a feast--for a consideration. The present parsonage, new and strictly modern, half a century ago, was, reportedly, financed by the efforts of the women.

A Sunday School procession, from the church to the fairgrounds, was feature of the festivities. Each pupil, marching proudly thru the streets, clutched a treasured ticket in his sweaty hands. That entitled the bearer to a dish of ice cream upon arrival at the grounds--heimgemacht ice cream, yet, with an abundance of eggs and real cream in it--not cornstarch.

But, the food put out in the long, latticed-sided dining hall, on the fairground, that was something. Irvin S. Cobb would have his "Florian Slapple" rant about "noble eatments." Maybe that expresses it. In the kitchen improvised at the rear of the long, low building, good sisters of the church would stoke a battery of wood-fired kitchen ranges. Country smoked ham, dressing, and all the trimmings were provided lavishly. And, in case the young waitresses could not get around fast enough to serve all patrons promptly, it was perfectly in order to "make a long arm." Emily Post was not around. Lard cans and copper washboilers, with freshly ground "Arbuckles," "Lion's Head" or "Four-X" coffee in cotton bags, yielded countless cups of coffee with authority.

Some may look back upon this annual festivity as the event for which one honored lad was chosen to carry the flag at the head of the procession. The grand marshal for the "Tournament of Roses," or the presidential inaugural parade enjoy no greater recognition--leading the greatest procession he ever knew about.

Some will recall how, as members of Wagner's justly celebrated band, they took part in the festivities--and rated the best that the good sisters of the church could set before them. Some may rehash the thrilling baseball games that took place after dinner. Various features had their own appeal.

It is by no means "hearsay," not supposition, that this event produced conclusive evidence that the good sisters of that church were right well entitled to their papers as culinary experts--and that they knew how to pass their skill along to succeeding generations.

84
...now, incumbent and ...
Charles B. Roe, Jack ... with a ...

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

It is much too late now to do anything about, it but Pinckney has passed up an opportunity to celebrate another "Centennial." The one put on for Perry County Fair was a "humdinger." Some one should have come up with the idea the incorporation of this community as a village deserved commemoration. It looks like no one thought about it, or knew when to celebrate.

It was March 26, in 1857, (it says here,) that the settlers first organized as the Village of Pinckneyville. It is all true enough that the county and the county seat were formed in 1827, and that at about that time, Humphrey B. Jones opened a post office here.

When they got around to voting on a proposition to create a village--thirty years later--qualified voters must have been few and far between. Either that or very few were much concerned about it. That would never happen here. Records indicate that all of 29 people voted to organize and that two voted NO. There always are some folks who just refuse to go along.

Ancient writings indicate that William Hammack was "president of election," a strange title that. He would have been the first of the line hereabouts--some six generations back. Wm. McEwing, whoever he was, acted as clerk. Big job, that--thirty-one votes to tally.

Anyway, the first board of trustees is listed as John Baird, J. L. Mann, S. M. Carter, Philip Gruner and A. D. Gosney. Which one presided is not recorded. Of this, the original "city hall crowd," This "recollector" got around enough--or soon enough--to know only one. Philip Gruner--Philip The First, that is. Many of us knew various Bairds, Manns, Carters and Gosneys, but the above-mentioned "city dads" or founding fathers were just too far back in history.

Not so about the men who have been the mayor or city clerk. The village went along as such until 1888. Then they called for an election to vote upon a proposition to adopt the city form of government. That was progress. Maybe the election notices were tacked too high up on the trees for those who could to read. There

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Not so about the men who have been the mayor. The village went along as such until 1888. Then it had an election to vote upon a proposition to adopt the government. That was progress. Maybe the election was backed too high up on the trees for those who could not

were no utility poles around that soon. Anyway, only 161 voters favored the measure and 33 voted to leave well enough alone. It always is that way.

Records refresh memories of those who served the city, as such, from the beginning:

J. L. (Uncle Joe) Murphy was the first--1888-1893. Soon after his retirement from office, the kid who ran the errands for the mill knew where to find him with CND messages. (market reports.) He operated in the V. F. W. hall area.

J. L. ("Lank") Williams followed, 1893-1895. He was also schoolboard president, or something. Anyway, school closed for his funeral. And, when Dr. George F. Mead was elected first, in 1895, there was a lot of excitement and commotion over on Walnut street, around his office. When election returns were coming in, some seemed to be shouting "Hurrah for Me." That seemed senseless, and a bit egotistic, until it seeped thru this skull that they were cheering for Mead. Mead had another whirl at it ten years later--1905-1907.

Following Mead's first administration--1895-1901--came H. R. Schulze--1901-1903. It would take a lot of space to even mention all of his activities in the business, financial, civic and religious activities of this community. Wm. Henry Smith, known as Bill Henry, followed Schulze. That was 1903-1905--when the city was in darkness, flirting with the idea of a municipal power plant that failed to materialize.

Dr. Mead was back in again, 1905-1907. As one inclined to take a chance on things that might help the community, he helped in the ill-fated attempt to promote the Belleville and Pinckneyville Electric Railway Co. That was another dream that never did come true.

W. W. Simms, long-time editor of The Advocate, was next in line--1907-1909. Some may recall the quote--"Who's the mayor what is--Edw. Fisher or Bill Simms?" George W. Pillers came next--1909-1913. He was the pharmacist who brought that named to the south side of the square where it remains. Dr. J. S. Templeton served as mayor, 1913-1915--along with his other achievements.

Shooting from the hip--Geo. E. Hincke, Homer Gruner, John W. Keene and the illustrious Jack Stumpe have also held that office. All, from the first board of trustees down to Bill Cunningham, no doubt have been highly praised by some and heartily condemned by others.

Unless the memory is playing tricks, the only surviving Ex-Mayor of Pinckneyville is the venerable Dr. Templeton. His outstanding record has earned abundant recognition even without that distinction.

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

3/16/61

"Name dropping" again. One who has been around long enough to have some recollection of all who have served this city as mayor or would also know about all who have been city clerk--unless the recollector slips a cog.

When J. L. Murphy became mayor No. 1, the records say E. C. Hays became the clerk. Make that E. C. Ted and oldtimers will recall him. The clerkship at that time was just a sideline. Hays had a barbershop, a door or two south of Jake Hepp's place. He played a cornet in Fred Murphy's band, and probably with Wagner. To digress, as doddering old codgers always do, Ted Hays had another sideline, or maybe just a hobby. He was also secretary of "The Perry County Horse & Mule Protective Association," (believe that is correct.)

The P. C. H. & M. P. A. may have been important in its time. Its purpose was mutual assistance in dealing with horse thieves in the manner prescribed by custom. It developed into a mutual insurance group--with social inclinations. The group held a big picnic in the fairgrounds to decide when to meet again, to elect officers, and such. If and when they mounted posess and went thataway remains uncertain.

Hays was succeeded by the then Cairo Shortline telegrapher, S. S. Ritchey. Digressing again--S. S. and W. T. Ritchey became prominent in business circles. They left their mark on the community in many ways. Perhaps the least important is that they gave "The Levee" its name. The story is that, as boomers, they had observed the tumultuous activity on Cairo's waterfront. When the paycar came thru, activity around the depot end of town was like unto it--

hence "The Levee."

A dapper young drug clerk in "Bess" Campbell's store, A. B. ("Choppy") Clark, took on the clerkship after Sherman Ritchey. The pharmacist's certificate of A. B. Clark, displayed in an Oklahoma drug store, some years later, attracted the attention of a local boy in a strange city. He got the druggist on the 'phone and asked, "That you Choppy?" The reply was--"Whoinell is that from Perry County?" The name "Choppy" had failed to follow Clark.

T. L. Wallace, another pharmacist, carried on the work of city clerk in addition to his business duties--1899-1901. He also found time to act as secretary of the Modern Woodmen and as treasurer of the county fair. Busy man.

P. J. C. Hamm, called Pete, came next--1901-1905. That would be after he ran a store in the old McElvain building. He doubled as a Justice of the Peace, sold a little insurance, and served as secretary of Beaucoup Lodge of Odd Fellows when that job called for a lot of work. Pete got back in office again in 1913.

W. W. Burk, like Hamm and Grover Cleveland, also served two non-consecutive terms--1905-1909 and 1911-1913. His little office was one of the favorite loading places when there were several such. Just what else he used for money does not stand out in memory, but he managed to get along; seemed as content as any.

Between Burk's two terms, the clerk was Wm. Brey, the taylor. Local Option was a leading issue then. City Ordinances pertaining to saloons gave people--and newspapers--something to discuss. Brey was queried, perhaps a bit too persistently, about interpretations of complicated regulations. Frustrated thereby, he retorted: "Smart lawyers don't know all the answers--I'm a blank dumb taylor--how should I know?" Two years was enough for Brey.

The job ceased to be a side-line, around 1915 or thereabouts. Hays had no water system to handle, and the Odd Fellows owned the cemetery. His job must have been rather simple. When water meters were installed, the work load increased. John Valentine and J. Nort Taffee carried on for years.

Some have grown to manhood here who could not remember when their name Thetford did not appear along with the title City Clerk. It is a full time job today for two thoroughly experienced performers. Modern labor-saving equipment their predecessors never knew about have proved essential. Jim and Vernice doubtless hold the record for continuous service. If any of the oldtimers, like Ted Hays, were to come back today, and size up the operations of 1960--a million dollar year for Pincneyville--no doubt he would decline the job--and reorganize his "Horse Thief Assn.," as we called it.

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

Some readers might appreciate this effort. This might be clipped out and pasted in scrapbooks; maybe laid away now to show up years hence, yellowed with age, dog-eared at the corners and falling apart at the folds.

This is just a bit of local history--and some like history. Some consider age a virtue. Some may right well take pride in preserving the evidence that some ancestor served this community. To be elected as president of the village board, as mayor or as the clerk, called for the ability to get the biggest vote. To be appointed clerk required the support of council. Hence, this roster lists a lot of statesmen, as that is what they call politicians after they are dead.

The busy staff at city hall should take a bow for digging all this information out from where it had been laid up among the records in the archives. This just transcribes it.

Year Installed	President of Village Board	Year Installed	Clerk of Village Board
1857	Lewis Hammack	1857	Wm. McErving
1858	John Baird	1858	G. M. Anderson
1859	A. D. Gosney	1859	Jas. F. Maçon (Resigned)
1860	E. B. Rushing	1859	J. Hammack
1861	S. M. Carter	1860	W. K. Murphy
1863	W. K. Muphy	1862	J. H. Craig
1864	John C. Brown	1863	Thos. S. Rushing
1865	R. M. Davis	1864	G. W. Rial

It would be impossible to dig up pictures of all the people who are now in the city hall. I am not artistic at lettering, but I thought I would display this outline of history somewhere. I leave space for added information. All this

TY
AT

John B. Davis
D. Hamilton
W. Lemmon
H. Lemmon
G. Williams
os. Boyd
ank Roe
stay Wangelin
ank Roe

City Clerk

ILLINOIS

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C. Hayes
S. Ritchey
Clark
Wallace
C. Hamm
Burke
Brey
Burke
C. Hamm

-Commis-
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C. Hamm
Valentine
Taffee
Thetford
Thetford



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STANLEY G. SMITH

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Year Installed	President of Village Board	In
1857	Lewis Hammack	185
1858	John Baird	184
1859	A. D. Gosney	181
1860	E. B. Rushing	18
1861	S. M. Carter	18
1863	W. K. Muphy	18
1864	John C. Brown	18
1865	R. M. Davis	18

1866	John Boyd	1866	John B. Davis
1867	M. C. Edwards	1867	J. D. Hamilton
1868	G. H. Slimpert	1870	J. W. Lemmon
1869	E. B. Rushing	1872	E. H. Lemmon
1870	H. E. Hincke	1873	R. G. Williams
1871	I. W. Hill	1879	Thos. Boyd
1872	Wm. McNeil	1880	Frank Roe
1874	E. B. Rushing	1881	Gustav Wangelin
1878	J. L. Murphy	1882	Frank Roe
1880	R. V. Fallon		
1881	W. L. McCandles		
1882	Henry Driemeyer		
1883	John Boyd		
1884	J. M. Kunz		
1886	J. L. Murphy		

Mayor

1888	J. L. Murphy	1888
1893	J. L. Williams	1891
1895	George F. Meade	1895
1901	H. R. Schulz	1899
1903	W. H. Smith	1901
1905	George F. Meade	1905
1907	W. W. Sims	1909
1909	George W. Pillers	1911
1913	J. S. Templeton	1913

Mayor-Commission Form

1915	George E. Hincke	1913
1919	John Keene	1925
1925	Homer Gruner	1935
1929	John Keene	1936
1935	John Stumpe	1957
1951	W. J. Cunningham	

City Clerk

E. C. Hayes
S. S. Ritchey
A. B. Clark
T. L. Wallace
P. J. C. Hamm
W. W. Burke
Wm. Brey
W. W. Burke
P. J. C. Hamm

Clerk-Commission Form (by appointment)

P. J. C. Hamm
John Valentine
J. N. Taffee
J. E. Thetford
V. M. Thetford

That's it--Class dismissed.

But--How about making a little history--encouraging the idea of enlightening present and future citizens regarding the people who have been public servants since 1857?

Some institutions consider it a pious idea to display the portraits of presiding officers, along with records of when they served. Now it would be impossible to dig up pictures of all of these old timers. But, somebody who is artistic at lettering, (that lets me out,) might display this outline of history somewhere in "City Hall." And, leave space for added information, All things change.

Random Recollection

OF

3/30/61

STANLEY G. SMITH

Someone, with a more profound knowledge of local geography or a more vivid imagination, should write a thesis on the prairies within this county; locate their boundaries and explain their names.

There are old maps that show the school districts when there were many more of them. Some show the rural mail routes. Some show the streams, even unto little branches that go bone dry in early summer. But, it seems that no one ever tried to indicate the boundry lines of prairies.

There are other geographic designations that are just about as vague. One might question any map that indicated just what part of the South is Dixie. "Egypt," (That expression, "Little Egypt," gripes me,) is not quite so indeffinate. "South of the B. & O.," outlined the territory of "Egyptian Hustlers," an organization of traveling salesmen that flourished when "drummers" rode trains.

Holts Prairie, perhaps should carry the possessive apostrophy either before or after the s--as it noe doubt got its name from one or more members of the Holt family. East of Panther creek is about as specific as any location for it as comes to mind.

And, there are the various and sundry "Mile" pattries--Three, Four, Six and Nine. Were they so designated because they were so many miles wide--so many miles from some place and if so, where, or just how did they come by these names?

Nine Mile also signifies a Baptist church, and an association of

churches of that denomination. Both have existed so long that the folks who started them can not be queried now about where they got the name Nine Mile.

Three Mile Prairie, it seems, was some place north--up that--away. Wonder if it embraced the territory called "The Nation?" Believe there was, may still be, a country school that bears that name. Old writings indicate that publicspirited citizens united as far back as 1828 to cut a road thru the wilderness, westward, to Six Mile Prairie. If it centered six miles west of town, that would put it out in the Fulton settlement--or the Caupert neighborhood might mean more now.

Four Mile Prairie, anyone would tell you, lays south of Pinckneyville. The area west of Beaucoup, south of Craig Branch, east and north of the Galum creeks sounds like a reasonably vague designation of the territory that embraces it. And, that sector was not all prairie land--even before the strip mines came along and turned it over. And, there was a United Presbyterian church, not far from the Baird school building, that bore the name "Four Mile U. P. Church."

Lost Prairie--just about as lost as any of them, insofar as geographis lines are concerned--lay over in the west part of the county. There may be legends and traditions about the names of all these prairies. If not, someone should concoct them.

There is a yarn about Lost Prairie that ties right up with history. George Rogers Clark, on his journey to Kaskaskia, got lost, or so the story goes. And that was long before the strip mines changed the roads, or before there were roads to change. He thought his guide was dealing him a doublecross. George was in Lost Prairie then, but no one had told him.

That little bit of history or fiction was the basis for a big Chamber of Commerce banquet--and a no-vacancies situation at the Sherman House when the new had not worn off of it. That came about like this: A freelance publicist, in Springfield, sought information for one of the sundry Vincennes-to-kaskaskia treks to honor Clark. Another than publicist--or what newspaper men call a press agnet, (with a prefix like that of "Yankee" in the South,) provided some details about the proper toute--stipulating an over-night session in the Sherman House.

At that session, the promotor of the cavalcade agreed that Clark undoubtedly had passed this way. He would not have over-looked a chance to visit such a hospitably city.

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

4/6/61

"SANDHOUSE", the column that always is well worth reading--and rereading--does it again! Klinger compliments the unsung heroes who have worked so hard, so long, to keep baseball alive. Amen.

And, he urges others to lend a hand. There is much to be done. The fairground park ball diamond, overlaid with new clay, needs resurfacing. That calls for a lot of work. Some can put in a shift or so of muscular exertion. Others ought to be prevailed upon to "Put something in the pot."

It is always highly gratifying to watch the little leaguers play. They put out all they have. Big league stars can do no more than that. When these youngsters run the baselines at the fairground, they may well be retracing steps of their grandfathers. Perhaps four generations of ballplayers have performed there. Suits that proudly bore the lettering "H. O. Murphy," now long gone to the rag bag, were frayed by desperate, heroic slides to chalk up runs that seemed tremendously important, back when this century was young. The famed "Alley Rats", and the justly celebrated "Macks" performed upon the same terrain in years long past.

And, in more recent years, "kid teams," called the "Red Sox" came up, year after year--like Morgenthauers at Thomas Gym.

Many who may creak at the joints a little now, can recall, with

pleasure and satisfaction, their days of glory on the teams of other days. They may remember, vividly, the sensational plays that they pulled off, and the ovations they received. They may recall the clouts that put the ball in the peapatch--over the Wildy and Niesing sign. To hit it with a fly ball was good for one John B. Stetson hat.

And, they may fail, mercifully, to remember the time they went down swinging with the bases loaded; when some "blind tom" called the third one on them. All should appreciate good forgetters as much as the ability to remember.

Any local "hot stove league" session would rehash many memorable incidents that transpired in conjunction with the games that were conducted at the fairgrounds, years ago. Some would recall players who have appeared here--and in the big time--and others who should have.

Old "has-beens," and even some of us "never wuzzers," can recall sidelights of the noble pastime that linger in the memory. For example, There was that appearance of the touring "Bloomer Girls." That was a weekday game, but never would have qualified as the game of the week. It takes men to play baseball--and, to play "The Macks," it took nine good ones. But, when this century was young, a chance to see a bunch of broads in bloomers was sure to draw a crowd. It did.

Some of the team had to work that day. The manager had to call in some substitutes from far beyond the end of the bench to fill the team. Kids in suits three sizes too big manned the outfield, but they won.

This touring aggregation of feminine pulchritude brought a set of temporary bleachers, "blues," or "pigeon roosts" along and hurriedly erected them along the first base line. They were well filled with customers and, they were not too substantial. That threatened a collapse, with injuries. During the game, a section of the seats crashed down. There were frantic, terrifying screams of the injured, and the scared--more scared than injury.

That was long ago--when bloomer clad gals attracted attention--maybe, not "When knighthood was in flower," but there was one in attendance who might be classified as chivalrous--or maybe just an opportunist. Upon hearing the heart-rending scream of a lady in distress, he displayed a commendable presence of mind. The lady had skinned her leg--pardon--knee, then. The hero of the occasion demanded attention and urgently appealed to anyone to provide whisky because a lady had been injured. Somebody readily offered his curved-to-fit-the-form flask of hip liquor. Thereupon, the heroic rush-to-the-rescuer accepted the flask, removed the cork, tossed it ceremoniously over his left shoulder in the approved manner, and gulped the contents. A sigh of satisfaction, and the crash of glass--then--"Always shakes me up to see a woman hurt."

Random Recollection

OF

4/13/68
STANLEY G. SMITH

"What won't they think of next"? New products, and new uses of them, come along so fast that people have to learn to take them in full stride. Some seem a bit unusual to such as may be a bit "set in their ways," or on the "old foggie" side.

What brought this up was a new pipe. The bit had a little label goosed to it to indicate that the "biteProof" bit was made of nylon. Nylon, whatever that is, started out as a sort of imitation silk. Must be sort of a broad, general terminology. But--back to pipes:

Pipes, and their component parts, have been constructed of many materials, since old Chief Leatherseat, or whoever it was, gave Sir Walter Raleigh one, and started something. Wonder if Pipestone Creek got its name from a formation for moulding pipe bowls. Could be.

Indians were not the only folks who manufactured their own pipes. Old times, perhaps a little on the frugal side, could select a suitable corn cob and a joint of bamboo and, with a little whittling, they were right in business. To avoid a blistered tongue, the inside of the hollowed-out bowl needed charring with a red hot poker, and a piece of wire, red hot, poked thru the stem would do no harm. Some might select a long peice of cane, burn out the joints, and, by applying a little heat, right carefully, they could come up with a long curved stem. Maybe not very artistic, but it cost nothing except a little labor.

And, a clay pipe with a canestem, available in most any old-time general store, would cost about a nickel. The stem might

90
be gnawed thru, in time, but the clay bowl would last--unless it was dropped and broken. Some became worn down on the side from scooping up hot coals from the fireplace to light it, and by that time, they were fully mature--a priceless attribute for any pipe. Pipes, like other friends, improve with age. It takes time to break in new pipes. It is saddening to give up an old friend, and it is hard to discard a pipe that has rendered years of faithful service.

Some people are remembered most because of some distinctive characteristic. Pipe smokers are that way. Most of them prefer one type of pipe, and stay with that kind right down thru the years. And the way smokers handle their pet pipes varies.

For an artistic, ceremonial performance with a pipe, "Uncle Gus" Wangelin would rate as the all-time champ. He could relax in the Windsor hotel lobby, when the atmosphere was tranquil, and emit more blue smoke rings, in assorted sizes, than any ambitious competitor. He might send up one big one and then a flock of little twirling rings scurrying thru it. Or, send up a series of little rings and blow a big one up to outrace them to the ceiling. Gus liked his pipe.

Old Jim Norbury, a kindly old gentleman, spent a part of his declining years in a cozy little cabin in the West End. He enjoyed his ease--his fiddle and his pipe. His preference was a right well seasoned cob with a cane stem. And, for lack of teeth to clinch the small round stem, he kept a wad of rubber bands wound around the bit. Now that arrangement might not look appetizing to anybody else, but it seemed to taste right good to Jim.

Then, there was the well beloved "Uncle Frank" Malone. Placid, would be the word for him. He could have smoked expensive cigars consistently without straining his credit, but he preferred a pipe--and always had a good one--going. His pipes were the long, curved stem jobs--meerschaum bowl, wild cherry wood stem, with a broad, black rubber bit. And, in his pipe, he never did tamp any "smoking mixture," as some products are labeled. He bought cigar scrap--Havana leaf, in the pure, unadulterated form. In his wake, there was an aroma that can not be defined, nor imitated. For that matter, Frank Malone would be difficult to imitate.

Some writer observed that pipe smokers never do lead mobs or incite riots. Sounds logical. Perhaps, in time--say another half-century or so, the "recollector" may develop the knack of pipe-smoking--and try to keep out fist fights.

Random Recollection -

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

4/20/61

Some seemed to like the roster of city officials, all down the years. The city clerk's office did the hard part, digging the information.

The school system, past as well as present, should be of equal interest. And, by unearthing an outline of local school history, compiled many years ago by the late Harry Wilson, this column may borrow another compendium of information of some interest.

Harry went way back to 1831, when the first school anybody knew about around here was conducted in a log house out in Four Mile Prairie. It cost each pupil \$2.50 to attend. Two years later, the kids that lived in town could get some instruction in the court house. There were other part-time operations mentioned, including a log building near where Hagler's furniture store now stands. His research would establish the selection of the present grade school location between 1855 and 1860. That would indicate that, for 100 years, Pinckneyville youngsters have struggled with their lessons between Water and Mulberry streets. It seemed that long to some of us when that was what we were doing.

The modern structure recently erected there undoubtedly passes all official inspections. All concerned should take great pride in it. But--from the viewpoint of a doddering old foggy--there is something lacking. The old familiar school bell rings no more. The new building has no belfrey. There was no place to put it. They probably need it about like a monkey needs two tails. Even so, it deserves preservation for the part that it has played in this community.

And, tradition has it, that when it was first installed, the cost of a school bell, the trustees figured, was much too much to place upon the overburdened taxpayers. So, the story goes, Dr. S. M. Carter took up a collection. They paid \$30 for it--about 1868. That would make the old bell an antique. It ought to be displayed some museum.

The principals and superintendents of Pinckneyville schools--from the end of the Civil War up until about the time the high school community was created, were listed in the history that Harry Wilson wrote. About half of this long list of names are just names that have been read or heard about to most of us today.

Perry County Advocate, Pinckneyville

ch they served, thanks again to Harry

(#1)

part time)

1866-67

1867-70

1870

1871

1871-72

1872-74

1874-75

1875-76

1876-77

1877-78

1878-79

1879-81

881-82

82-83

85

86

87

ILLINOIS

City Hires Chambers For Temporary Duty

The City of Pinckneyville, according to Mayor Cunningham, has hired "Navy" Chambers on a temporary basis. Chambers will supervise some of the street work of which, he says, Cunningham there is going to be a great deal more this year than normally attempted. Heavy rain and frequent frosts have torn up the streets and some of the streets dug for gas and water lines will have to be levelled off to bring the streets back to the fine condition they were in last year. Until recently Chambers employed by the county, due mainly to the swing in politics he has been relieved of duty with the county department. He is taking interim employment because he has been relieved of duty with the county department. He is taking interim employment because he has been relieved of duty with the county department. He is taking interim employment because he has been relieved of duty with the county department.

Free Sam From D

Random Recollections

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Perry County Advocate, Pinckneyville

The list, and the years in which they served, thanks again to Harry Wilson, follows:

Captain M. C. Edwards	(#1)	1866-67
Captain William McNeil		1867-70
E. H. Lemen	(part time)	1870
Sanford Gee		1871
D. B. VanSycle		1871-72
D. A. Hoge		1872-74
S. E. Bond	(#2)	1874-75
B. G. Roots	(#3)	1875-76
E. C. H. Willoughby		1876-77
A. B. Garrett		1877-78
D. A. Hoge		1878-79
R. B. Anderson		1879-81
George H. Farmer		1881-82
S. Y. Hawkins		1882-83
R. R. Anderson		1883-85
James Barkley		1885-86
Frank Williams		1886-87
S. L. Johnson		1887-89
Rob't. E. Turnstall		1889-91
E. I. Ward		1891-92
C. E. Joiner		1892-98
M. N. Corn		1898-03
R. B. Templeton		1903-06
F. G. Hightower		1906-07
Harry Wilson		1907-14

Unless this F. G. Hightower is still around, chances are that R. B. Templeton is the only survivor of this long list of educational talent. He can reflect upon a long and successful career in various educational activities. Of these, one that many may have overlooked; he was the first to have a basket mounted on a pole in the school yard, and to direct the youngsters to toss a big round rubber ball into the air so that it would fall within the iron rim. He started something here.

This M. C. (Mortimer) Edwards--first in the list--that would be the grandfather of the prominent M. D. that all know today.

S. E. Bond is listed as a grandson of the state's first governor.

B. G. Roots--Nationally recognized as the outstanding exponent of public education.

It might be noted that very few of these old timers lasted very long. It may be that they went on to more important posts, or into other professions. Or, could be that the school boards gave some of them the old heave ho. Who knows?

Of each of these old-time instructors, perhaps someone can remember something. The first man on the list, "Mort" Edwards, was around long enough to be remembered as a quiet, soft-spoken attorney--except when courtroom oratory demand emphasis.

That Bond boy may have been right proud because he was the grandson of a governor. He had nothing to do with that. If M. C. Edwards were still around, he would be fully justified in taking pride in the local family that bears his name.

Such as may find this offering of interest can only offer posthumously, their thanks to the departed Senator. Many have much for which to thank Harry Wilson.

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

4/27/61

92

High School graduation exercises--the "Commencement" program--now that is an annual even of tremendous importance, at least to the justly proud participants. Like other activities, it has undergone great changes.

To ponder over alterations in the standardized procedure for this impressive occasion it may be well to go back further than many can remember. For this, it seems safe enough to rely upon the local school history that Harry Wilson compiled.

Prior to 1889, for all the record shows, when "scholars" had acquired all the education available here, it was just the last day of school. Nobody made any big todo about it. The last day of school, at any age, is an even long anticipated. Many cherish memories of its happy observance. It was an important date, even if the restless youngsters did no more than sing songs and say pieces--and scrub the soiled and hand-carved tops of battered school desks, and pack up their belongings. There might be im-

promptu picnics in Hincke's pasture, Roe's grove or along the banks of Beaucoup creek. Kids would find some way to celebrate.

But, in 1889, when fourteen bright young lads and ladies had completed the course, they really did something about it. S. L. (Sid) Johnson was the principal then. He must have been ambitious. In later years, he ran a little commerce, or bookkeeper factory on his own. They had souvenir programs printed--probably "programmes" then. Our copy was put away too well but is recalled as featuring a group picture of the class: Mrs. Edw. Thorp, Herbert Hoge, Mrs. Roy Alden, Solon Kugler, Oscar Preyton, Mrs. Allen Ozburn, Everet Simpson, Arthur Smith, Mrs. Fred Rall, Hosea Strait, Mrs. A. P. Johnson, Mrs. Harry Duckworth, Mrs. A. G. Willi, and William Wallace.

No doubt about it being a proud moment in the lives of these distinguished youngsters when they stepped out on the stage at Murphy's Hall to accept their highly prized diplomas.

When this century was young, Kunze Opera House was always right well filled for the graduation exercises. That took more people than just the proud parents and admiring relatives of graduates. But, entertainment enterprises had less competition then. Regardless of how many students there were in the class, each one had to recite a long drawn out oration. These effusions, alledgedly original, all had impressive titles, and were presumed to be inspiring. They usually had about two inches of poetry at the end. The audience would listen with rapt attention--maybe a bit unrapt at times. But, anybody might suffer stagefright and forget.

It was an ancient custom to present boquets to the "sweet girl graduates," as gift advertisers called them. The stage would be all decked out with flowers. Proud fathers would be loaded down with hothouse lillies and the like when they escorted their honored offspring home. Owners of Kentucky Derby winners, parading from the winner's circle, could experience no greater pride. Jake Hepp would sell a lot of graduation gifts--books of poems, with padded leather backs and other fancy items. They might last longer than the flowers. In many cases they were just about as useful.

There were no rented caps and gowns back in the Kunze Opera House days. The boys might never be quiet so dressed up again until their wedding days. Everything had to be brand new--shiny derby hat, blue serge suit with a white vest; a shiny stand-up collar and cuffs and patent leather shoes. The gals, of course, were gussied up within an inch of their lives too--silk hose--maybe.

Before the program started, the class would assemble at the Nesbitt home. They could primp up a bit there, and parade across North Main street to the stairway. Big night.

Some changes in procedure are improvements. Imagine sitting still for a hundred or so oration!

93

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

5/4/61

Tennessee Ernie Ford has just intoned a doleful ballad. He has the sonorous solemnity of tonal quality to insert a sob in every sentence. Music, here? That is in the "Sandhouse" department. But, impressive as it is as Ernie gives out with it, in the words of the poet, "It aint necessarily so." That is, as of now. "Dark as a Dungeon Down in The Mine," Ernie bemoans.

Modern mines are highly mechanized. They use a lot of electricity for power and all they need for light. Skilled craftsmen who can manipulate that intricate mechanism could not grope around as their forerunners did and get the job done. Subterranean illumination has undergone improvement, as have so many things.

Portable lights are still essential below. That is where, as Labor Day Orators always express it, "brave men take their lives in their hands and go down into the bowels of the earth--etc., etc.," Battery type electric head lamps doubtless function better, and with less danger of bodily harm, than the pioneering models did. They leaked. The fluid in them may not have been prussic acid, but its effect on the anatomy was just about as bad. In deep pits where the constant threat of seeping gas adds to the sundry other hazards miners face, the use of open flame lights was considered suicidal.

Years ago, legislation was introduced to enforce use of battery powered lamps in gaseous mines. Proponents urged enactment to prevent explosions. Some objected--and showed their reasons therefore. Leaky batteries were attached to their belts--behind--



IN PINCKNEYVILLE, ILLINOIS

Golfers Hit Ba Lose To Mt. V And Centralia

Duster Thomas's g
their Waterloo twice
two contests. They
Vernon 172-182. L
meyer was low with
Flowers slipped to a
47 and Keene 48.
or Feltmeyer done
better they might
Mt. Vernon.

In the second co
from home the Tho
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score. They just pla
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43

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

5/4/61

Tennessee Ernie Ford has just the sonorous solemnity of ton sentence. Music, here? That But, impressive as it is as Ernie the poet, "It aint necessarily so Dungeon Down in The Mine." Er

Modern mines are highly metricity for power and all they who can manipulate that int around as their forerunners did an illumination has undergone things.

Portable lights are still essential Day Orators always express it, "I hands and go down into the Battery type electric head lamp with less danger of bodily harm They leaked. The fluid in them but its effect on the anatomy where the constant threat of se hazards miners face, the use of suicidal.

Years ago, legislation was powered lamps in gaseous mine prevent explosions. Some of therefore. Leaky batteries were

and the fluid ran down on them where it was the most convenient-- for the fulud, that is. A chore of riding herd on that bit of highly controversial legislation lead thru committee hearing rooms. Object lessons as to the effect of the scalding action were exhibited to all interested--Exhibit A--so to speak. It would be just too gruesome to ponder on the probable results of working with the leaking batteries dangling from the belt buckle.

Carbide lamps have served a generation of coal miners--also night fishermen and 'coon hunters. When they came out, prices seemed too high for some, but they caught on quickly. A carbide lamp is an ingenious gadget--a little gas generating plant. It took a bit of tinkering to get the water to drip just right, and to make the flint, as on a cigarette lighter, function properly. The tiny blaze that spurted out, aided by a bright concave reflector, made a lot of light--compared to that of the old smudgy lardoil lamp that carbide soon replaced.

Just what they put in lardoil perhaps no one needs to know any more. The element they never did omit was a distinctive stench. Pit lamps that burned it were little sheet metal jobs. There was a little tapered can to hold the stinking oil, and a hook to fasten into the slotted shield on the pit cap. A little stubby snout or nozzle stuck out and upward. Soft, round cotton wicking, coiled in the bottom of the oil container extended up thru the little cylindrical spout. They came equipped with a bit of wire to podge around to pull the burning wicking upward. The little yellow flame that they provided was trailed by a fog of sooty smoke--and a smell that could be recognized at forty rods.

A lardoil can was a necessity around the miner's home. It started out in life about like the once familiar coaloil can. It had a screw-on cap that would promptly turn up missing. That would be replaced by a piece of cob, with a scrap from somebody's red flannel underwear twisted around it to make it almost fit. There had been a little cap for the snout, fastened with a bit of fragile chain. The would be soon replaced with a little runty potato. Anyone that handled the can soon got right well smeared with the oil, and the distinctive odor lingered.

Drivers, in the mine, used a special model pitlamp. It had a longer spout and they let more burning wicking dangle. These intrepid, acrobatic boys needed, and could get more light. Balancing on the tailchain just aft of a colicky pit-mule, they had the wind with them--and a more colorful illumination from the stinking lamp.

If Ernie was moaning about the lace of light in the old days of the lardoil burners, he was not too far wrong at that. Even with abundant light, miners have enough constant hazards.

Anyway, the song sounds good--should sell a million records-- that is, if they are Decca records.

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

Spring house cleaning may not be any picnic now. It always costs more than has been expected. It always will be that way. But, in the expenditure of man-hours--mostly women-hours--of strenuous exertion, there has been a marked decline. Old timers did not stop to count the cost--unless it was in money.

The old time parlor, or "settin' room," had to be rejuvenated thoroughly. The big heavy heating stove had to be horsed out, cleaned, polished and stored away until frost. The once-shiny nickelplated footrests and the ornamental ring around the top had to be wrapped up and put away. The fancy top piece had to be swiveled off and the stove lid--(look out for the soot,) were put away carefully.

Somebody had to clamber up and untwist the wire that anchored the stovepipe, and take it down, joint by joint--carefully. At best, some soot would be scattered around and some might smudge the

walls. And, if the stove stood off at an angle, that adjustable, or "crazy joint," would cause a little extra trouble. The metal ring around the joint that went into the flue had rusted enough to break. The flue-stop, put away with care the fall before, would refuse to stay in place. The spring-wire clamp refused to work any more. A new one would look nice, anyway.

With the stove, the "sofie," the big bureau, stand table, chairs and such moved out--and the pictures down from the walls--it was time to take up the rag carpet. The hatchet, the little claw hammer, with the handle a bit loose, and the remnants of a broken butcher knife might all be brought into play to pull the tacks--with little squares of cardboard impaled on them. Then, the carpet could be folded enough to be dragged out to the clothes line in the back yard.

A soft dust cloth, (a didy would do,) had to be swathed around the broom. That was to swish the dirty cobwebs down from the ceiling.

Beating that old carpet seemed to be an endless task. No matter how many times a piece of a broom stick, or a pickhandle, was thumped against it, the dust would still fog out. The twisted wire gadget, with a wooden handle, did little if any better. If just took a lot of beating--and rag carpets could take it.

That carpet represented uncounted hours of patient toil--but little cash outlay. The good housewife, while she was resting, got out her old ragbag just to keep her hands busy. It would always be well filled with worn and discarded garments, remnants of old tablecloths, sheets, pillow cases, bedticking--anything. Hours of tearing and snipping converted the assorted rags into long narrow strips. Then came "reg tacking". This might be a social session for all the women in the neighborhood--exchanging work as men folks did in threshing. They sewed the strips, end to end, and rolled them into balls.

If a grace--A fancy carpet was in prospect, a few dimes of the egg money went for dye--with a picture of Mr. Punam riding his horse down a rocky cliff, on the packet it came in. The colored strips had to be draped all along the clothesline and on the garden fence to dry. There were rods of it. There had to be bushels of big balls of carpet rags along with a supply of carpet warp, in assorted colors. It would be sacked up and hauled off to the loom that some hard-working woman trundled laboriously. The weaving, and the warp cost a little money, but the cash cost, per square yard, was probably less than the down-payment now. That did not quite complete the job. New carpet came back in a roll, it had to be cut to fit and sew together. Any angles in the room, or where the chimney jutted out, presented added problems. Then it had to be stretched in place. There were implements for

this--a board with nail points sticking thru it, and a long wooden handle, or, a patent gizmo that had a crank and rope arrangement to take up the slack. It was still a lot of back-breaking toil.

The old straw, tramped flat and shredded, and dirty, had all been swept away and burned as part of the house-cleaning ordeal. Fresh straw and a then treasured stock of old newspapers had to be spread just right. This provided protective padding for the carpet, and helped keep the cold drafts from seeping up thru the one-ply floor. When just layed, the carpet felt like it was fetlock deep--one might feel that he might mire down in it. That was luxury.

With the new, or well beaten carpet down and the furniture arranged--and re-arranged--repeatedly, the what not back in the corner, with the pretty shells and ornaments all back in place once more, the tired housewife could view it with a touch of pride--and be content--for a season.

95

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

5/18/61

Various trades, professions and callings that have been prominent but have become obsolete have been recalled in this column. One that seems well worthy of mention, thus far overlooked is that of the delivery boy--back in the horse drawn era.

Railroad presidents, of the story book kind, all started out as call boys, or as water boys for section gangs. Commercial leaders, in the Horatio Alger tradition, began their climb to fame and fortune by delivering groceries. The average, or typical delivery boy--and no one is ever Average--had to have a wide variety of skills. He was by no means a specialist.

Many brilliant youngsters of today, just old enough to work, just might fail to qualify. Some might encounter difficulties in the role of hostler, but the delivery nag had to be groomed and fed and watered--even on Sunday, or a holiday. And, in many places, then, in this community, a smattering of conversational German and Italian would be a lot of help.

of the careless youngster. To explain, and make amends, he spoke soothingly; "Bless his little heart--wouldn't a dropped him for ten dollars--just so dang sick and greasy he just slipped thru my fingers." Delivery boys had their experiences--and their lighter moments. Some would be the boss--some day.

And, as low man on the totem pole of the store's employees, it would be up to the delivery boy to sweep the floor and to build the fires in winter. He would be the one who had to "sprout the spuds", down in the dark cellar, and to fork out rotten ones when the supply lasted too long.

As a hand behind the counter in the store, he had to learn which size of paper bag it took, and how many tiers of the big "Dozier" crackers to cord into it to make a nickel's worth. And, he learned to stack the right amount of dripping kraut on a wooden tray to fill the order; and to draw vinegar, molasses, coaloil and lardoil from the right barrels into the containers intended for each. There were no computing scales to do his figuring for him.

Shopping may have been much slower when more of the commodities were handled in bulk; before the days of self service. But, the old ways had some advantages. The customer had but little choice. If he was after "bakers' bread," a luxury item, all he needed to ask for was a loaf of bread. The store had what Dietrich, Weber or perhaps Buettner baked.

Bread would be carried into the store in batches of a dozen loaves, just as it came from the pan. The clerk would break off a loaf or two, on order, and might wrap it up unless the customer had a basket to carry what he bought. No one knew how many ways it built strong bodies, nor that it was slenderizing. Nobody cared.

Now when one wanted to buy cheese, there was a choice. Cheese, in the old days, meant the yellow, rat trap or "old wedge" kind. At perhaps five cents per lb more, one might specify brick cheese. The common run of stores had no other kinds. And, the clerk learned to carve off the exact amounts ordered with one operation of the trusty butcher knife.

All of the stock stories told of the iceman's activities as he made his daily rounds might right well apply to the daily life of the hard-working delivery boy. Cab drivers, and the cop on the beat, reputedly give service beyond the call of duty when the stock arrives inadvertently. There is the legend about the boy who made a rush trip with a can of coaloil, one dark and gloomy day, to the home of a newcomer, among total strangers. The medico in charge needed more light on the subject, hence the hurry for the oil. Yea--the delivery boy had to fill and light the lamp--and then hold it for the doctor, where it would do the most good.

And, near-tragedies can occur when careless children crowd around the delivery wagon, as careless children will. There was the day, when the temperature was in the strip-off bracket, that a batch of youngsters, none more than half dressed, crowded around the wagon to carry in the food. One lad, hardly big enough for the task, was carrying his younger brother--one just about weaning size, and dressed just as he was when he came. In maneuvering to accept the groceries, the boy released the baby brother. A wall of alarm, and perhaps a little pain brought out the sympathetic nature

PERRY COUNTY ADVOCATE

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Random Recollection OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

That business location at the southeast corner of Main and Mul-
berry streets, now vacant, has been that way before. It was in the
so-called "Gay Nineties" that it became prominent in the business
life of the community. G. W. Brown moved in, with his family
in the living quarters and the "company store," or "graball" and
the office of the city's leading industry, Brown's Mine.

That mine flourished for many years at the south end of Main St.
Local archeologists may find traces of it, or of the more recent
Jupiter works, in the area Dunn Bros. occupy. Production of that
pit at its best might seem insignificant now, in comparison with
the output of modern plants, but, in its time, it played an im-

NOTICE ON

portant part in the economy of this community.

Now it would sound fight nice to relate that the one-time coal
baron or industrial tycoon, G. W. Brown, was universally be-
loved as a public benefactor; that management-labor relations, at
all times, were warm and cordial. There is a limit to how far up
one can cross his fingers.

G. W. was much better known as "Buck," perhaps because most
anyone connected with a mine seemed to need a nickname. Or, if
some disgruntled employee felt inclined to be a bit vindictive,
he might refer to the magnate as "G. W. Buck Baconrind Brown."
One might wonder why.

But, all who ever operated a bucksaw know that a scrap of bacon
rind, used for lubrication, was as tough as buckskin on the outer
side and slippery on the other.

Brown could be irked by demands imposed by the union officials.
Some requirements may have caused him to sputter in indignation.
One quota recalled is that, after due deliberation, he found that
all the regulations left for him to do was to "blow the whistle--and
pay off."

Payday at the mines was an important event in the Brown's Mine
days. Employees would queue up at the office in the back end of the
store, sign the book and claim their envelopes. Some signed by
making their own individually characteristic "X." Some, awed by
the magic implement of the mystic art of penmanship would re-
verently "touch the pen," as an acknowledgement of the receipt of
their statement and whatever actual cash, or "take-home" pay
therein.

Miners then had various ways whereby they might earn their
wages. Diggers, on a piecework basis, got what the scale de-
manded for the tons of coal they loaded into pitcars. Some might
also earn some yardage driving entries, and such. And the shift
men might be switched, from day to day, to various types of work.
It took some computations, (the headache way,) to figure what
what each earned.

Gross earnings, for a pay, could be from several sources. But,
there were more way whereby the company exacted deductions--
Dues and assessments--store bill--house rent--powder--tool-
sharpening--shot-firing--and there may have been several more.
None of the columns were captioned for social security or for with-
holding federal income taxes that era.

To some, the semi-monthly statement was simple. To some, it
was difficult or impossible to understand. One miner expressed his
conception of it somewhat poetically, thus: "A naught's a naught
and a figure's a figure--All for G. W.--None for the digger."

It was around the turn of the century--1900--maybe 1901--late
fall, "Fair Week," when the beginning of the end of that famed
industry occurred. A fire broke out in the tippie or the engine room.
The top works, then all frame, burned to the ground. It was fortu-
nate that there were no fatalities. That disaster may have made
some contribution to future mining safety regulations. Then, it was
just another of the lusty swings that fortune has hurled at the in-
dustry of this community, but Pinckneyville rolled with the punch.
Many wired their tools and left. Later, other industries took up the
slack. The cockeyed world knows that this city keeps on trying to
provide employment.

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FIRST PENTECOSTAL CHURCH

97

Random Recollection OF STANLEY G. SMITH

6/1/64

Many of us, who have been around for quite awhile, would identify that frame business building on Randolph street at the McElvain place. That would recall memories of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McElvain. They enjoyed their declining years in the living quarters at the rear. Many would refer to them as "Uncle Andy" and "Aunt Belle," even if entirely unrelated. They were that kind of people.

A glance at that structure now would reveal that it has undoubtedly seen better days--and far too many of them. A look at some of us would bring about the same conclusion. If anyone could come up with the entire life story of that more or less historic building, that would be a yarn well worth relating.

Now, it seems like it was many years ago when the W. P. Cowens family dispensed refreshments there. It was an ice cream parlor, and something of a social center. The McElvains also served the public there in a similar capacity. When the younger set flocked in there for a social snack or a then more popular ice cream soda, the business bore the name, "The Beehive." That would indicate the place was always busy. Of course, someone would come up with the undeserved crack that it was a good place to get stung.

Back of that--and this is reaching back--"Squire" P. J. C. Hamm, long-time city clerk, Justice of the Peace and Mr. Odd Fellows Lodge Himself, had a store in that building, and occupied the living quarters. He had a brother in that enterprise. He like "Pete" Hamm, himself, was slightly handicapped. "Pete" had one foot that was not quite what a track star would need, but with his trusty cane he asked no odds. The brother just lacked one of having a complete set of hands, but he could sack up groceries with the best of them. Some just do not give up.

A second look at the fading front of that old building will lead to two deductions: It was a hardware store at one time in its long career, and at that time, it sported that architectural feature "WARD" in big block letters shows thru the unnumbered coats of paint applied down thru the years. Fades fronts gave sign painters space to strut their stuff. That hardware sign, perhaps V. A. Stookey's, must have been one of the old time lampblack-turpentine jobs that never faded out. They would outwear the lumber on which they were painted.

It is a tradition that this building, or a part of it, was erected in the Beaucoup sector, as the store owned by Maj. James P. Cowens, and that it was trundled into town by the John Todd method, now entirely obsolete. The Major, reportedly, was the "Super," mine manager, pit boss or something--maybe all three--of the mine that functioned too far back for many to recall.

It was from this store that miners toted home their groceries. There was a yarn about one oldtimer who had his own ideas about economy. When he saw a neighbor lugging home a peck of beans to feed his family he was astounded at such extravagance, and offered to lay a bet that the poor misguided soul didn't have a gallon of whisky in the house.

State and local authorities might question the technique that John Todd employed if and when he moved that building. It differed from the method of the Bill Keene concern. A building to be moved was raised up with a lot of little screw jacks, and heavy timbers reinforced the sills. That is done today, but with better tools. Next, they had to chug away with a post hold digger to make a hole in the middle of the street. That would be to anchor the capstan. That would be a section of a tree trunk mounted in a sturdy frame, erect, to rotate. A long strong rope connected it to the building. This rope would wind around the drum when it was turned by the energy of a horse hitched at one end of a sturdy pole with the other end fastened to the drum. When the horse trudged around the circle, the house would move, perhaps a yard or so. Wooden rollers were placed beneath the building, and they had to be carried forward and replaced at the front as each emerged from beneath the rear of the load that inched so slowly forward. A laborious operation, no less, but the best method then available.

For a moving job like that, the cost, in man-hours--and horse-hours--would be difficult to estimate. The cost, if it were set up then for distribution over the subsequent life of the building, would be computed in pennies per annum--if anybody figured depreciation then.

Random Recollection

OF

6/8/61

STANLEY G. SMITH

98

July Fourth will show up red on the calendar. Many business concerns will remain idle. Mail carriers can coddle their corns and bunions. Many will hie away to distant scenes in search of action, excitement, entertainment or relaxation. Other may be content to view the passing scene--and listen to reports of highway tragedies.

When people were easier to please, and public entertainment was much less expensive, this community celebrated. It was a big day--long anticipated, enjoyed fully, and recalled with pleasure: "Howdja git over The Fourth?"

For this mid-summer celebration, Wagner's Band would play its part, Musicians, resplendent in the natty, all-wool uniforms, swagger--and swelter--from the court house square to the fair-grounds. All the starch that Sam Lee had pressed into their collars would wilt before they had completed the journey.

Many family groups would bring along a picnic dinner. Fatalities

among farm flocks of fryers would run high. Pies, three-deep, would be provided abundantly. Friends and neighbors would be invited to squat around the checkered tablecloths spread in "The thick, cool shade," as Tom Baxter always called it. All joined in the race to beat the ants.

A complete program of entertainment would be provided. There had to be diversity so that all would be thrilled by some part of it. Foot races were important features. The old classics, such as egg races, potato races, the sack race and three-legged races, served to clown up the proceedings. For the standard speed events, the dashes--25, 50, 75 and 100-yard dashes--they were staged on what was then the home stretch of the race track. Some sports enthusiast had measured off the distances with metriculous accuracy and had recorded his findings with pencil marks on the warped and well weathered top rail of the inside fence. But, there would have to be loud shouting, hand-waving disputes about there accuracy--and somebody "step'em off" again.

The toe-scratched starting line would be well filled with eager contenders for the fleeting fame--plus some merchandise prize--and, at the word, all put out the best they had. Frenzied fans urged them on, and applauded winners with enthusiasm.

One year, some promoter came up with the idea of a "Marathon" race--so called. Availability of a few collegiate athletes may have been the inspiration. Contestants lined up at the bank corner on the square, negotiated the route around the square, thence onward to the grounds, then, once around the track and to the contenders were Olympic hopefuls. The exact distance, the time, and the mph may have been computed and recorded then, but the sporting world would not have been unduly impressed. Nobody ever tried that again. It never did become a classic.

Several would enter for the "Climb the Greasy Pole" event--another stunt no longer featured. The pole, procurer presumably selected a tall, straight slippery elm. The bark would be removed and the smooth tree trunk would be anointed lavishly with grease. A silver dollar would be attached to the top of the pole before the bottom end was embedded in the ground. Contenders that were among the last to try would get a break. Early starters would have swabbed off some of the slime. All in the interest of good clean (?) fun.

And, the boys that entered in the "Greasy Pig" event might also become slightly soiled. The pig, be come rangy razorback or hawkey picked for this event would be timberland and knew not of cheetle-splitter that had roamed the treated to a complete rub-down, juring crowds. The pig would be the slickest mess they could concoct in advance of the event, with out-manuever many desperate flyi. The terror-stricken pig would striping. The winner really earning ng tackles. Terror is never con- at the pig.

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Random Recollection

OF

9/15/61

STANLEY G. SMITH

Now, there is something new--and different--up at Luke's. But there always is. All the decorations, except Davie, undergo alterations from time to time.

Just above the sign over the door, whereby Olin proclaims his customers, "The World's Finest," a snowy owl flutters down to perch where all may admire him--or her. This is a defunct specimen of a species that they say is threatened with extermination. It is an example of taxidermy at its best. Some of us will settle for that. The frozen arctic is its habitat.

Birds of less distinctive plumage, but owls none the less, survive in this vicinity. Some have left an imprint on the local legends and traditions. How many distinct species and varieties of this wild fowl exist hereabouts, and what their scientific names may be, would call for some research. How many care?

The screech owl and the hoot owl are the kinds that most people know about. The books might give them more impressive but no more descriptive names. By custom and tradition, both have become emblematic or symbolic--meaning they are supposed to mean something. They have been accepted as signs of good and evil.

The little screech owl, who starts his mournful concert just about the time that people want to go to sleep--that is the evil omen. Such as would walk around ladders, carry a lucky coin, a four-leaf clover or a rabbit's foot--or wear one kind of necktie--may be a bit perturbed by the nocturnal vocal efforts of this discordant songster. Some hold that it treble tremolo quaver undoubtedly impending death. There was one superstitious old lady, obsessed with this idea, who made strenuous efforts, nightly, to shoo away this intruder. She died--too--in due time.

Then, there was the yarn about the apprentice undertaker. That was back when the remains of the departed remained in their homes--three days--pending interment. The body, iced down in an upper room, required attention at intervals. The budding mortician had to work in solitude, thru the still hours of the night. Outside an open window, a screech owl perched to observe his ministrations to the dead. With every movement the jittery beginner attempted, the owl let out with his weird, unearthly scolding reprimand. Somebody else could master the mortuary art.



ILLINOIS

Chamber Commerce
honors 16 Tues. Nite
Frontier Room

near record crowd of Cham-
ber Commerce members turn-
out Tuesday evening to honor

At
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Random Recollection

OF

9/15/61
STANLEY G. SMITH

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Deservedly or not, the hoot owl has gained recognition as an emblem of wisdom. Naturalists may claim he has no more brains than a turkey buzzard. But, with his big, wide-set eyes, he looks the part--and that always helps. In his persistent call, the inflection indicates that he makes no direct statements--just asks questions. Others get by that way too.

Of the many yarns about the "Who--who--who-are-you" call of this night prowler, there is the one about the three night hunters who were irked by the owl's persistent query. They roamed Beaucoup bottoms, perhaps to tree a coon or cut a bee tree. An owl that fluttered from one tall sycamore to another, along their route, insisted upon determining their identity. One supplied the squelch: "We're Bob Luke, Pat Cheek'n Ol' Man Chamberlain-- huntin owls--to git owl gizzards--to make owl oil." How much, if any, elixir of owl gizzard they concocted, and why, is not of record.

The owl, as an emblem of wisdom, appears on some diplomas. The artists, at times, adds quill pens, crossed. One might sermonize thereon a bit. He who allows his pens to remain crossed will refrain from writing enough to reveal his ignorance--as too many of us do. Even with diplomas, thus ornamented, some might gain some lesson from the bird. Like "Old Man River," he must know something--even if he is all turned around about when he ought to sleep. He makes no assertions. Someone put this idea in verse. It goes about like this: "There was an old owl who lived in an oak. The more he saw, the less he spoke. The less he spoke, the more he heard. Why can't we be like that old bird?"

Random Recollection

OF

6/22/61

STANLEY G. SMITH

The Grand Army of The Republic--and its "Annual Encampments," should never be entirely forgotten. That was an organization well worthy of recognition. Its conclaves were events that seemed to be of tremendous importance to the perennial participants. And they must have been a lot of fun.

Many communities, it seems, competed for the honor and for the honor and for the economic advantages, if any, of playing hosts to the district assemblies. Salem, Ill., may lay claim to fame as the location of the most historic reunion hereabouts. Other communities that had the facilities, such as a nice park or fairgrounds, also entertained. That included this community.

What would be equivalent to the convention bureau of a well-organized chamber of commerce would, at times, promote what was called "The Old Soldiers' Reunion." Even-numbered years, made it easier to hold successful reunions. The then well known initials, "G. A. R." and "G. O. P.," may not have been exactly synonymous, but there was a close relationship.

Any well-conducted reunion provided an abundance of flowery oratory. Some would be of the type described as "Waving the bloody shirt." Enthusiastic speakers might dwell upon how heroically his comrades "Fit, bled and died," to save the Union; how he, alone, could increase pensions. Veterans of the Civil War hailed each other as "Comrad," and there was no tinge of "Red" in that greeting then.

There would always be important business sessions--important to some, that is. Surviving members of specific outfits would

proposed and adopted. There were honors to be passed around, and ornate, impressive badges to be displayed--and stored away as souvenirs. But, for all of the importance of the official procedure, it was just a side-light to some. They came to have a little fun.

It may not have been the only purpose of these meetings, but a group picture of the assembled veterans was one feature that was never omitted. The photographer would be well paid for sweltering beneath the big black cloth. Many still retain some dog-eared copies of them. They can locate "Grandpa," or "Uncle Zeke," by the beard he wore. Those old patriots never heeded radio or TV admonitions to "Look sharp--Feel sharp--" etc. No one would mistake them for graduates of any barber college. The group would show a wide variety of whiskers. There would be neat Vandykes and sprangly sideburns, the paint-brush kind, goatees, and mangy goat styles, in assorted shades of black, brown, red and frost-bitten peach tree yellow.

Some of the whiskers that had turned white would bear a wide tan streak down the middle, from careless spraying with tobacco juice. Some just grew as mature would provide. In these gatherings, a smooth-shaven face would stand out like that glass marble going up hill in the moonlight.

132 Years Old 25th Hold Homecoming

The 132-year-old Nine Mile Baptist Church will hold its annual homecoming Sunday, June 25, with Reverend Howard White of Granite City as the principal speaker, Reverend T. R. Brown, pastor, announced.

Services will be held in the congregation's new, modern brick church on Illinois highway 156 to six miles east of Pinckneyville or which was used for the first time on January 31, 1960.

Sunday school is scheduled 9:30 a. m. and a recognition at worship service at 10:30 a. m. A basket dinner will be served at noon.

The Baptist Student Union quartet of Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, will sing at 1 p. m., followed by Reverend White's sermon.

Reverend Brown invited the public to attend all phases of the observance.

Organized in 1829, the church is the oldest in the Nine Mile Baptist Association and the mother church of those in Pinckneyville, Du Quoin and other

country fair in Illinois. Opening on Monday, June 26th with a

Random Recollection

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Tents would be set up, row after row, all over the infield at the fairgrounds. Whole families came from miles around, and camped out all week. Women folks met others active in the Women's Relief Corps. The youngsters enjoyed the "midway" attractions, the band music and the fife-and-drum performances.

Promoters of these meetings had to collect contributions to get the sessions underway. They were seldom self-sustaining. Some would chip in willingly. They may have had an angle--such as supplying live chickens and other supplies for the cook-outs. Some would decline. One who refused to donate had observed that the average delegate brought only one shirt and one two-dollar bill--did not change either--all week.

Side-lights of the reunions, like unto other conventions, added to the gaiety of the events. Sleeping out, either on a canvas cot or on a fleke of straw covered with a blanket, just might present hazards. Some considered precautionary measures in order. Fatalities from snake bites seldom, if ever, occurred.

Old veterans attending would try hard to be young again. They liked to stay up late--and to keep others awake. It was a standard, nocturnal episode to attempt to connect "Joe" and his imaginary lost, strayed or stolen mule. Some leather-lunged prankster would shout, "Oh Joe?" Then, from the far side of the camp ground, the answer would ring out--"Here's your mule." This would be repeated at frequent intervals, with the response coming from all directions. That mule surely got around.

History has left many hidden mysteries--"Who struck Billy Patterson?" "What became of Charlie Ross?" "How old was Ann?" "Who shot Jake Lingle--and Why?" and, locally, "Who put the basketball in the upraised palm of Santa Claus?" When the mooters get thru mooting over other moot questions--Did Joe ever find that mule?"

As the "G. A. R." will encamp no more, that, too, may always remain a mystery. But, the old timers had a lot of fun--and they deserved it.

county fair in Illinois. Opening on Monday, July 10th with a...

Random Recollection

OF

6/24/61

STANLEY G. SMITH

To those who were mature, back in the eighteen-nineties, he would have been know, respectfully, as Judge Lewis Hammack, or as "Squire," another term that is not applied any more. But, to the "small-fry" who than traversed Mulberry street, and there were many of them, he was known affectionately as "Grandpa" Hammack. There were many of these youngsters, clattering over the wooden sidewalk, because that is where they went to school.

Primary pupils have shorter hours than older students--like having a strong union. When the "chart class" tykes were released, chances were that "Grandpa" would be out on the walk to greet them. He had a hearty welcome for all. Each little brat would extend a grimy paw to shake hands with the affable old veteran. They would swarm around him with the enthusiastic chatter of an "Atom" baseball team with a ten-run lead. They all loved "Grandpa" Hammack.

The abundance of his white whiskers, and his ever-present cane, may have suggested the idea that the man who made on over little folks so much would belong in the same age class with Moses or other dignitaries on the Sunday school cards. Now, if still around, he might be considering retirement.

The big black walnut tree is no longer standing, south of the junior high school building--to prove it--but "Grandpa" Hammack, at one time, demonstrated that his interest in youngsters did not end with his friendly greeting. When a bit too young to go across the street to school, one youngsters, like others, would climb trees. By some mishap, one leg got wedged in a crotch or

a low branch of the tree. It just would not come loose. Straining and squirming failed to release it. The horrible consequences of this entanglement included a slow death by starvation. Or, there was the horrible alternative of having hungry buzzards pick entirely bare, the bones of this slight frame. They would have been near starvation.

An appeal for help attracted "Grandpa" Hammack. He could push his cane up high enough to free the skinny thy from its imprisonment. No starvation. No buzzards. Good old "Grandpa" Hammack.

Older and wiser citizens would know more, and might care more about the distinction and success attained in legal circles by the friendly old jurist. At any rate, he knew how to handle dairy cattle. Just a fair smattering of information on the dairy farming subject indicates that kindness toward the stock is essential to success. Hammack should have been eminently successful. He loved the brutes, and made pets of them.

Whether it was his hobby, his avocation of his way of life, Hammack kept a herd of Jerseys, purebreds, aristocrats of that proud breed. At that time, most milk cows, and there were many of them, were only a few generations removed from the chance breeding of the open range. Owners of cows that looked like they were part Jersey had something to brag about.

Hammack would proudly convoy what seems like a dozen or so of his prize cattle thru town. He lived, and had his big cow barn at the Masonic Temple location. His pasture land was down along Beaucou--down Bullwinkle way. Hammack would walk the route, surrounded by his docile pets. He would call each one by name, and each would step for a little demonstration of

Tradition has it that not quite all of Hammack's herd showed such tender affection. There was one "Old Rioter," one that could be distinguished from the others by a rug worn in the nose. "Old Rioter's" position was that of herd sire--a job he liked so well that he would fight for it. Once, when a bit unruly, or so the story goes, "Old Rioter" was just about to bring an untimely end to the career of the proud cattle owner. Another worthy citizen of that day and time, one Patrick Malone, came to Hammack's rescue. Malone, it would appear, was of the type that goes about helping others. In exorcising Hammack, Malone became entangled, and came out of the mele a cripple. He rode a pair of crutches for the remainder of his journey--but still enjoyed helping people. He liked it so much that he followed this Perry County fair, main street, to Jake Hepp's store. The horse pulling contest and parade added to the shiney

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Random Recollection

OF 7/6/61

STANLEY G. SMITH

Modern youngsters, here in town, and even in many rural homes, miss some experiences that older citizen enjoyed--or endured. They would not know what it was like to keep a cow.

"City Hall" might right well frown upon what was a common practice years ago. Many, but not every homestead, included a big barn and a spacious cowlot for the family tag, one or more milk cows, and, in season, a few hogs, fattening for butchering time. That, one might observe, contributed something to the local atmosphere.

Moreover, keeping a cow or two, for domestic dairy demands, was not limited to the farms and the small towns. Mrs. O'Leary kept a cow, and that, they say, was when Chicago had been built up clear out past the lumberyard.

Not every small town family kept a cow. The ones that did sold surplus milk to neighbors--at about six quarts for a quarter. Some may have held that owning a milk cow--(milch cow, in the older textbooks)--indicated opulence. It may have signified frugality. Dairy products, processed in the home, may have been considered better than the commercial supply. They cost a lot of work.

Facilities for keeping cows in town formed an important factor. The barn was a necessity. It presented sanitation problems. Cleaning the old dirt floored cow stall was not like flushing off a concrete floor. The water for the cows had to be pumped from the well, and carried. One without experience in that task might be amazed to observe how many candy buckets full of water one cowhide could be extended to contain. Some seemed to slurp it up and beller for more just out of plain cussedness.

Supplies of feed and forage, available by way of crop rent from a farm, with some, may have been a contributing factor--or a mitigating circumstance. There would be a big binfull of corn--always with the shucks on. Pioneers, it is reported, held "husking bees," as social events. To sit in a cold barn and shuck out what looked like a small mountain of corn was not any picnic.

And, there would be the big, cobwebby haymow. A poet might rant about the aroma of newmown hay--if he never had to fork it around to feed a lot of hungry stock. But, after all, the old time barn lofts were not such bad places. Good place to take a nap.

Cow owners seldom if ever drank and sold the entire milk supply as such. One derivative was home made butter--and that took a lot of work. Cream would be collected, at times not soon enough, from the big crocks downceller, or from the buckets hanging in the cistern. At times, it seemed that the taks of plunging the churn, casher up and down would never end. Housewives had their own technique for working the globs of yellow into table butter. Some were more liberal with salt.

For common everyday family table butter, with some, it was

big glob of it in a bowl, and putting it exactly "Emily Post." It looked much and in the mold--like butter to take to moulds, too, were distinctive. One clover leaf, a cow's head, or a sheaf of butter designs served as trademarks. The product of a whole herd was pro-

who rather fancied their own skill in cottage cheese. Then, it was clabber which sounds more like the stuff smell--cheese--making processes involved no order on file here for any of it. To be especially important. The pressed into a bag--a flour sack "van Lake" would no longer show. To be tied out on a limb of the enough to need tying.

Indication that the home product may. The flies liked it. that n' pasteurized nor homogenized--and home vitamins--did taste different. The "heim"ve had a better taste, to some. The the n' may have had more zest to it than easier today. Maybe so--but it is a lot Even he supper market. timers old barn loft, for some of us old--waisted.

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Moreover, keeping a cow or two, for domestic use, was not limited to the farms and the small towns. Many kept a cow, and that, they say, was when Chicago was up clear out past the lumberyard.

Not every small town family kept a cow. The one who had a surplus milk to neighbors--at about six quarts for a quart--may have held that owning a milk cow--(milk cow, textbooks,)--indicated opulence. It may have signified Dairy products, processed in the home, may have been better than the commercial supply. They cost a lot of money. Facilities for keeping cows in town formed an important part of the town's necessity. It presented sanitation problems. The old dirt floored cow stall was not like flush concrete floor. The water for the cows had to be pumped up, well, and carried. One without experience in that task was amazed to observe how many candy buckets full of water could be extended to contain. Some seemed to slurp like a baby for more just out of plain cussedness.

Supplies of feed and forage, available by way of crop, was a farm, with some, may have been a contributing factor in mitigating circumstance. There would be a big binful of grain, always with the shucks on. Pioneers, it is reported, kept bees, as social events. To sit in a cold barn and watch what looked like a small mountain of corn was not any more pleasant.

And, there would be the big, cobwebby haymow. A rant about the aroma of newmown hay--if he never had a chance around to feed a lot of hungry stock. But, after all, the old time barn lofts were not such bad places. Good place to take a nap.

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It was common everyday family table butter, with some, it was

just a matter of slapping a big glob of it in a bowl, and putting it on the table. That was not exactly "Emily Post." It looked much nicer when it had been pressed in the mold--like butter to take to the store to trade. Butter moulds, too, were distinctive. One might leave the outline of a clover leaf, a cow's head, or a sheaf of grain. On the market, these butter designs served as trademarks of the farm homes where the product of a whole herd was processed.

Then, there were those who rather fancied their own skill in making what is now called cottage cheese. Then, it was clabber cheese, or schmear kases--which sounds more like the stuff smelled. Just what all the domestic cheese--making processes involved is not entirely clear. There is no order on file here for any of it. One step in the procedure seemed to be especially important. The gooey batch of clabber would be pressed into a bag--a flour sack so well washed out that the "Swan Lake" would no longer show. Then, the sackful of the stuff had to be tied out on a limb of the peach tree to drip. It seemed strong enough to need tying.

Tastes differ. There was one indication that the home product called schmear kaese was good. The flies liked it.

Maybe the milk that was not pasteurized nor homogenized--and that nobody claimed had added vitamins--did taste different. The home churned butter may have had a better taste, to some. The "heimgemacht schmear kases" may have had more zest to it than the neat packets of cottage cheese today. Maybe so--but it is a lot easier to shop the dairy cases at the supper market.

Even clambering up into the old barn loft, for some of us old-timers, would mean a lot of effort--waisted.

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Random Recollection

OF

7/13/61

STANLEY G. SMITH

That practice of keeping family milk cows here in town has its advantages as well as its objectionable features. Cows required an abundance of pasture land. Some of the old residents provided it.

Any effort to recall all of the pastures available hereabouts, years ago, and to recall incidents of interest about them, would lead to errors. For one dollar per cow per month, cow owners, lacking such facilities, could obtain grazing rights. And a cow pasture, rented always was considered public domain. "Keep Out" signs, if any, were meaningless.

On the north, the Hincke pasture was available to cow owners at the standard fee--and to picnics and roving youngsters gratis. There was a place, not far from "Creamery Pond," where kids played ball. That was in the string ball and hickory club bat league. Some kids learned how to swim in the old pond--and there never was a bathing suit around it. Even that poor old hod carrier, bricks and mortar on his head, had that area as his place to sleep--and began his endless sleep there, when somebody coved his head in.

It was pasture land east of the Hincke acreage--east of North Main street-Nashville road to us then. That would extend from the creamery to the W. C. & W. tracks. And, east of that, the Hales had acreage that embraced the celebrated spring by the same name. The Hales--Tommy Dick, "Skip" and "Shorty"--correct names do not come up--they had cows and room for others. Grass in that pasture may have been no better nor no worse than that which grew elsewhere. But, no cows ever drank finer water than that which flowed into Creamery Branch from Hale's spring. At least, that water seemed to be the best. The Keen trucking establishment, and the Mal. Keene addition over that area now. Mining operations, years ago, ruined the spring that allegedly attracted the early settlers.

The area known as the Victory Addition, and the housing project area, on east, that was Smith's pasture. Rental fees from it, after taxes and fence repairs, caused no coupon-clipping calluses. Other pasture projects were probably unprofitable, but the landowners cattle had to eat.

The Rice Eaton pasture, and others, ranged on around "Bull-

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The Rice Eaton pasture, a

winkle" to East Water street, From that highway, then "DuQuoin Road," Roe's pasture extended southward to "Oklahoma." Rose-dale has been built up all over that area. Most any old timer could come up with many stories about that area and things that areas and things that happened there. It was commonly called "Roe's Grove." Well worn paths criss-crossed it. When more people walked more, the short route between "Oklahoma" and the business section was called "Thru the Grove."

In winter, there were good places to coast in "Roe's Grove." eighth-grade was dismissed for coasting one afternoon. The management of the school blamed the furnace. Turning off the steam and opening the north and west windows thru the noon intermission may have had some influence on the decision to dismiss.

Old timers played football there, in season. And, that was when the game was mayhem. No shoulder pads and such. Long hair, usually parted in the middle, had to do for helmets.

The Diamondtown sector was Gieser's pasture. For a season or so, it provided facilities for baseball. It was not a fancy park, but it was the home of baseball at its best. A tilt between the DuQuoin Merchants and The Macks would justify an excursion train.

Gieser's pasture gained wide recognition as a splendid berry patch. As the fame of the abundance of berries spread, there were also stories circulated about the big snakes that lurked among the berries. That, presumably, reduced the number of berry pickers.

Pastures, rented to the public, may have been poor sources of net revenue for landowners, but the public, in many ways, exercised the right to the "pursuit of happiness."

Modern markets supply dairy products so abundantly that most all of us can worry along without keeping a cow. Public parks and professionally supervised playgrounds have taken the place of the wide diversity of entertainment the old pastures made possible--or have they?

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Random Recollection

OF

7/20/54

STANLEY G. SMITH

Nobody would give a hoot--even half a hoot--to read about what this observer experienced, and liked, or didn't like, at the 105th renewal of the Perry County Fair. Before that ancient and honorable institution was half as old as it is now, there were some features of the annual event that many might like to see again--but never will.

It was thrilling to watch the old town band, in full uniform march all the way from the public square; execute a militarily precise left turn at the main gate and follow the shady lane to the pagoda-like bandstand in the centerfield--playing almost continuously. After every heat of every race, all afternoon, the band gave out with the old favorites.

It was not always local talent. The management booked bands from other towns, at times--and could count upon several coach loads of visitors to follow their own home town aggregations. That increased the fairground population.

At noon, this year, the centerfield, and the area around the east side of the track, was not dotted over with tablecloths spread out on the grass. Nobody dragged out copper washboilers and bushel baskets full of food, and called in all the relatives and friends who could find room to hanker down and eat their fill of the best food ever offered.

What is known in the trade as "grease joints" were provided in abundance, but "Ol' Johnny Cookemgood," with his sign displaying fishes intertwined, was nowhere to be found.

The celebrated Malone candy--an inimitable product, and as a surgery ward--that was available--has been, as far back as some can remember. But--the man who pulled the taffy from the hook, nailed to a tree, he was not around. Whatever percentage of dust, flyspecks and what-have-you that concoction contained--it was mouth-watering. It was good, even if you bought it at a bargain price, Friday evening, and the waxed paper stuck to it.

And, it would be futile to find a vacant spot along the racetrack fence to watch the stock parade. The band would lead the way, from the drawgate on the home stretch to the back stretch gap. It might take two strong men to manhandle an irate Jersey bull along the route, but they would make it. Youngsters felt highly honored

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61-62

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

7/20/64

102

Nobody would give a hoot--even half a hoot--to read about what this observer experienced, and liked, or didn't like, at the 105th renewal of the Perry County Fair. Before that ancient and honorable institution was half as old as it is now, there were some features of the annual event that many might like to see again--but never will.

It was thrilling to watch the old town band, all the way from the public square; execute left turn at the main gate and follow the shade like bandstand in the centerfield--playing. After every heat of every race, all afternoon with the old favorites.

It was not always local talent. The man from other towns, at times--and could crowd loads of visitors to follow their own home to increased the fairground population.

At noon, this year, the centerfield, and the side of the track, was not dotted over with on the grass. Nobody dragged out copper baskets full of food, and called in all the race could find room to hanker down and eat the ever offered.

What is known in the trade as "grease abundance, but "Ol' Johnny Cookemgood," fishes intertwined, was nowhere to be found. The celebrated Malone candy--an infant surgery ward--that was available--has been can remember. But--the man who pulled nailed to a tree, he was not around. What flyspecks and what-have-you that concoct mouth-watering. It was good, even if you price, Friday evening, and the waxed paper.

And, it would be futile to find a vacant space to watch the stock parade. The band from the drawgate on the home stretch to the might take two strong men to manhandle at the route, but they would make it. Youngs

to lead the blue ribbon calves.

A highlight of the impressive processions that few if any will ever duplicate was in the coach horse show. Logan Kimzey, a consistent winner, would really put on a show in the parade of champions. His prize stallion, and the rig he hitched it to, would be groomed as immaculately as any movie queen. By way of harness, the horse would wear a surcingle and loops to hold up the shafts. The bridle was just a pair of bits, a strap beneath the jaw, and the reins. Miss Marian McCandless, wearing a straw sailor hat, and all dolled up with muttonleg sleeves, would ride with him. That man could handle horses--and he had horses to handle.

And--there were features, in the old days--that just might cause some comment today. There was no session, in advance of the fair of 1961, for auctioning the exclusive gambling privilege. One might look all over the infield and not find a little stand with a backboard--and (and a "Green River" label reproduction at the top,)--and read the odds offered on each succeeding heat of every race. No one was urged to turn loose of the bankroll in his hand, with the admonition that it would not get any bigger that way.

This year, no one could hear Eli Cross sing out--"Ace, deuce and' a lovely trey" O--to sound like "A goose in a tree." Spindle wheels, basket dice, chuck-a-luck, "hironimos," (donno how to spell it,)--you name it--they had it--to get a lot of sucker money.

The beer permit, in the old days, was worth several hundred dollars. The sale of hard liquor was forbidden--but then so was that apple. And--a part of the hard working hack drivers' revenue came from hauling drunks and such of the participants in fist fights as the law saw fit to arrest, to pour them into jail. Good old days???

103

... and each would step for ... little demonstration of ...

Random Recollection

OF

7/27/61

STANLEY G. SMITH

Of the preceeding effusions appearing beneath this by-line, some may well have been classified as chapters in a collection of sketches titled "Unimportant People I have Known." There have been exceptions--like the one about Romain Proctor, world famous as the dean of puppeteers. "Proc" has since passed to his reward.

And--there was--still is--"Old Dope." He never was and never will be a "Dope," in any sense of the word. "The Dope Bucket--by Dry," has, for many years, identified a superb sports column in The Illinois State Journal. It is a daily stint of Robert Drysdale, veteran sports editor of that venerable publication.

Some of us "knew him when--" as an energetic and ambitious sports reporter on the paper of which he has been an important part for many years. Any sport, from tiddy-winks to Grand Circuit harness racing is his specialty. You name the sport, he knows about it.

What brought Drysdale back to mind was a recent account of a big testimonial dinner in his honor--39 years at the same sports desk. Sport enthusiasts gave him a bronze replica of his celebrated "Dope Bucket," properly inscribed.

Willie Mays has been quoted as observing that a baseball player must have the mind of maturity to know the game--and the heart of a boy to really enjoy playing it. "Dry" has never lost his boyish enthusiasm for any sport. But--he is at his best when he is covering harness racing. Since the retirement of the famed Gahagan brothers, turf specialists, retained for years by the Grand Circuit, search sports sections as you may, you will find no turf writer handling harness racing news and comment better than "The Dope Bucket--by Dr. "With him, a horse is an individual--a personality--not an "It" not a "Which," but a "Who."

Among the notables appearing soon at the Du Quoin State Fair, is precedent is followed, "Dope Drysdale" will have the seat of honor--in the track-side press box. He rated any sports press box seat he wanted at Springfield thirty-odd years ago--and still does. No one will match his accounts of what takes place. After all, he has handled turf news longer than the Hambletonian has been in the news.

A chance coffee-table sessions with "Dry" one Sunday A. M. preceeding the Du Quoin fair may serve to illustrate his ever-ready

104
of rooms during the fair. Drysdale the ensuing week, he was doomed med, expressed their horror at the that his quarters would be in the y. siast could--and would--come up ny circumstance. One that comes t. It marked the end of an era. his State Fair, always did call for w, back when Len Small was the the long grey beard,) he and his stand on horseback. The old boy showhorse, rare up and walk on d wave his wide-brimmed hat and ector. fair manager, and all the stay on a horse took part in the

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wit. Talk turned to the scarcity of rooms during the fair. Drysdale announced, dolefully, that, for the ensuing week, he was doomed to sleep in a barn. Some, uninformed, expressed their horror at the thought. When he explained that his quarters would be in the Hayes stables, pity turned to envy.

The fun--loving sports enthusiast could--and would--come up with some wise crack under any circumstance. One that comes to mind had a historic connection. It marked the end of an era.

"Governor's Day," at the Illinois State Fair, always did call for a lot of pomp and ceremony. Now, back when Len Small was the governor, (business of stroking the long grey beard,) he and his party would parade to the grandstand on horseback. The old boy would let his mount, somebody's showhorse, rare up and walk on his hind legs. He could bow and wave his wide-brimmed hat and grin like he enjoyed it. The director, fair manager, and all the members of the board who could stay on a horse took part in the procession.

Came the administration of the late L. L. Emmerson--and came "Governor's Day." Plans had to be made--and revised. "Lou" would have no part whatever in any equestrian performance. That veto nobody tried to over-ride. So--to do the job up right salty like--somebody came up with a "coach-and-four" idea. Someone provided a vehicle of the type depicted in connection with sporting events in England. Drivers, whipper-uppers, footmen, out-riders and such were all dolled up in monkey suits. They were really putting it on for the new governor.

This impressive outfit came to a halt in front of the grandstand. The enthusiastic standing ovation was to be staged when "His excellency" and party appeared in the stands, and occupied the ornamented box. One of the monkey-suited gentlemen in waiting set up a little portable stairway for the "royal" descent. The sheer showmanship of this innovation in procedure seemed to awe the assembled multitude into absolute, respectful silence. The presentation of The Lord Mayor of London would not have been more dignified. There was not a sound.

Then, the "lackey" in the monkey suit--presumably some precinct committeeman--retrieved his collapsable steps and remounted his proud perch at the rear of the coach. From his point of vantage in the press box, Drysdale observed the impressive proceedings. Before the assembly broke the silence, Drysdale piped up. "Home Jymes." The pressbox titter developed into belly laughs--and the crowd just plain roared.

Come next "Governor's Day," open cars carried the party--The Horse had passed from the scene.

Yea--Drysdale has seen'em come and he has seen'em go. When he covers up his battered "language mill" for the last time, there will be many who will regret it, deeply.

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

The Illinois Bar Journal called upon the county clerk for a picture of the county court house, and some information about it. That editor asked for some details concerning its long history, and related information. The request was relayed to this old "recollector." That editor was asking for it. What he may or may not see fit to print may do well enough for a few issues of this column. So--here goes:

The Perry County court house, in Pinckneyville, Ill., is portrayed on the front cover of the Illinois Bar Journal, as it appears today. This building, remodeled and enlarged in 1939, can trace its antecidence back to 1827, when the county was established.

Old records indicate that a committee of three, at the request of petitioning citizens, designated the northeast quarter of section 24, township 5 south, range 3 west of the third principal meridian, as the best location for the county seat.

Unrecorded history concerning this selection relates that the settlers assembled to discuss the location problem. The story is that they gathered at "The Big Spring," later known as Hale's Spring, and enjoyed a big picnic with all the trimmings to celebrate that important event.

This mass meeting, naturally, lacked unity. Three factions favored as many locations for the seat of justice then in prospect. To settle the matter, it was agreed to let each group set a stake where they thought the court house should be built. All favoring each location were directed to rally around to be counted--majority would rule.

Spots in the southeast and southwest quarters, as well as one in the northeast, gathered some support. However, according to the ledger, the majority, having partaken of the picnic dinner--and the refreshments--perhaps too lavishly supplied, could see no point in walking any farther than the nearest location proposed.

The county board took over 20 acres of the area and laid out a public square and a series of lots. When they started selling lots, in 1828, they stipulated that each one had to bring no less than \$5.00--sort of a restricted district, so to speak.

The first court house was constructed adjacent to the public square, on the lot now occupied by the First National Bank. It was built of hewn logs and had a puncheon floor and a clapboard roof. It had one door and one window. This project-burdened the taxpayers to the extent of \$54.00, and some may have called that extravagant.

By the fall of 1837, the county had so grown and prospered that a new court house had been completed. It was near the center of the public square. This was a two-story brick building, 43 feet square. The cost was all of \$1,765.00. That structure served its purpose until 1850. Then, a more pretentious edifice, 46 by 36 and two stories high cost \$7,500.00. In 1879, the building that was enlarged and remodeled in 1939, called for an expenditure of \$9,742.00--and that was probably considered exorbitant at that time.



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Random Recollection

OF

8/10/61

STANLEY G. SMITH

Courts of justice have been "begun and holden" in the several court houses in Pinckneyville for around a century and a third. Many legal lights have matched their wits before the local bar of justice. The yellowed records may bear evidence that famous personalities came from distant points to practice their profession here. However, our own Southern Illinois has produced outstanding leaders in all lines, the law included.

Legal training and experience serve many men as stepping stones to great achievements. One John A. Logan was a lawyer, and a familiar figure on the local scene. Although he lived in the adjoining counties, Franklin and Jackson, he was around Pinckneyville enough to be made a Mason here. As a member of congress and as a United States senator, repeatedly, Logan's record may have been no greater than that of many others. No one else in history bears the title "The greatest volunteer general the nation has ever known." And, but for one of the strangest quirks in all the annals of politics, Logan would have become Vice-President in 1884. And, if he had--who knows?

Southern Illinois has produced its full quota of top-flight orators. Wm. Jennings Bryan was around, at times, but not as an attorney at the bar. Robert G. Ingersol, some say the greatest of them all,

graced this circuit with his inimitable oratory, and won many admirers. He, too, went on to greater things and to wider recognition. But for the fact that he was a self-styled infidel, they taught us long ago, he might have been President of the United States. Again--who can say?

Of less renown, nationally, but one who attained recognition in the legal circles of this state that many may well envy, there was Judge Geo. W. Wall, of Du Quoin. He practiced--and taught--law successfully. He has been accredited with playing an important part in two successful constitutional conventions. Now, any legal light with the ability to head up the job of writing one new state constitution--and to engineer its adoption, would gain a lot of glory.

Men were men in those days.

The circuit court of Perry County, down thru the many years, perhaps has had just about the common run of criminal cases to adjudicate. Some seemed extremely interesting at the time, even to those who were in no wise involved. Accounts of some of these events, sensational, sordid or so-so, have come down by word of mouth.

One sheriff almost failed in his attempts to prevent a lynching. To get across the idea that the defendant was about to meet His Maker, that wily old official got one of those old semi-tapered coffins ready. He put in on display on the front porch of the jail. Draped over it, rather suggestively, there was a hank of new hemp rope, with a hangman's noose expertly fashioned, ready for a legal execution. Gruesome.



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to convey the prisoner in with the prisoner in At the W. C. & W. (now Mo. Pac.) junction, someone forced the engineer to back up to where a mob was forming. The deputy and his prisoner left the train. They hid out in a nearby barn overnight, and slipped aboard the morning train to complete the journey safely. That prisoner had his day in court, anyway.

Then, there was another, awaiting trial, who was a bit less fortunate. Stories about the nature of the crime for which he had been apprehended were rather vague to a small boy. Jail records need to be more or less complete. Charged with custody of a prisoner, that institution would also need an entry crediting it with his release. In this case, the book just indicates that the man in question, missing from his cell, was located suspended from a nearby tree.

An observer of the passing scene, in that period, years later told of encountering strangers, holding several saddle horses in a quiet street, late in the night. He was admonished to go on his way and to keep his blanket mouth shut about it. That he did, for years. This re-hasher of old legends related this, much later. Another real old-timer, (call him Joe Doak,) said his own horse was the best in the lot. He lead'em. Maybe the man needed it.

Random Recollection

OF

8/17/61

STANLEY G. SMITH

A woman drowned in Galum creek. A home was left without a mother. The children, perhaps too deeply shocked or just too young to realize it, suffered then the greatest loss they ever would experience.

Even strangers shared their sorrow, and wondered how they would ever get along without a mother's loving care. And, for the husband and father, there was pity and compassion--at the time. Men who we

The coroner's jury considered all the evidence available. The verdict was not enough. The verdict answered only four of the queries newsmen know as "The Five W's."

What happened was that someone died. The cadaver, mud bespattered, lay before them. A worn, but carefully patched mother Hubbard, faded from too many journeys to the tub, clung to what had been attractive contours. Slimy strands of the green scum that forms on stagnant pools in dog days festooned the braids of hair that lay across the bony shoulders. There was ample evidence that the subject was defunct.

Who the lady was went down in the records on the testimony of the one who was or should have been best qualified to identify the body--the husband, who, between drinks, moaned with sorrow.

Where the tragedy occurred was also from the statement of the

man so suddenly bereaved, supported by the older children. It was he expressed it, "Up yon way from the wagon ford, maybe half-a-quarter, where the creek runs close up to that high bank, and make a bend." The water would be deeper there.

When this happened, the same source testified, was "Along in the shank of the evenin"--after sundown--nigh onto dark." The coroner inserted the date --A. D.

That left, unanswered, that frequently important "Why?"

Pieced together from the stories told, a general account of what had happened revealed that it had been a family swimming party--if it could be called swimming. The weather had been hot and dry for days and weeks. The surviving parent said that he had planned the party for the children, by way of relaxation and relief from the oppressive heat. He said he knew "his woman" would go along, as she was "always fussin' after all the younguns--like a old domineer hen with one chicken."

His story went on to relate that the children were content to paddle in the shallow water, near the ford, where it was safe enough. As he was watching them, he said, the mother, out of modesty and the fear that someone might come along, waded on up the creek and out of sight, around the bend. That, he repeat-

Springfield Fair

Escay, August 15, three enterprising and entertaining young men accompanied Mayor Cunningham to the Springfield Fair.

They took part in a Central Illinois presentation on the stage of the fair. Gov. Otto Kerner opened the afternoon festivities and about six towns in the central and central southern part of the state presented talent from their communities.

Pinckneyville talent was the aforementioned young men, Jim Stewart, Terry Masters, and Bill Stewart. They presented a skit depicting the cheerleading that goes on during a Pinckneyville basketball game.

The trio had special cheerleading outfits made for them by the Forest City Manufacturing company. According to Harold Legendre, plant mgr., the skirts were of "knee-tickling" length being only 15 inches long. They had a blue background, with red and white stripes. A white waist band was anchored with a big red button on the left side. People who witnessed the antics

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ed, perhaps too many times, was the last he saw of her.

The sheriff scanned the testimony. Men who wear a badge and try to do their duty grow suspicious. They often take on tasks that they might easily avoid. To this zealous minion of the law, the whole story smelled. To begin with, he knew his Galum creek, and all the others 'round about. He knew how long the weather had been hot and dry. He who treads the paths of the creek bottom timberlands in squirrel season knows the places a long step enables one to cross Galum dry shod. This was well upstream--above the places where the larger branches empty into Big Galum. He knew that, in the deepest pools, the water, at this season, would not be deep enough to swim a yearlin' calf.

This had been a fatality that did not need to be. The sheriff knew the outside world would know little and perhaps care less about this tragedy. Those involved lacked fame and fortune. There would be no glory gained by finding out just what had happened, and why-- but he considered it his job to try. At times, he said, he tried to let it ride that this had been an accident, but he just could not believe it. He knew the hazards of going swimming too soon after a big meal; no chance that this had happened. No one would take the cramps in water as warm as it would be in such a shallow pool.

The more he pondered over what had happened--a full grown person drowning in such shallow water--the more firmly he became convinced that the woman had some help to drown. He determined to find out who would want her dead, and why.

If, thru his efforts, someone suffered for the crime he felt so sure had been committed, one repetition of it might be prevented. Some other children might thereby avoid the loss that these youngsters had sustained. Satisfaction in the knowledge of an important job well done, he knew, is as rich a reward as anyone can earn. That was the reward he would try his best to earn. Someone would have to pay.

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His story went on to relate that the children were content to paddle in the shallow water, near the ford, where it was safe enough. As he was watching them, he said, the mother, out of modesty and the fear that someone might come along, waded on up the creek and out of sight, around the bend. That, he repeat-

Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

To find out why that woman drowned in shallow water--then prove it, "beyond the shadow of a doubt," that was the job the sheriff undertook. He knew he had his work cut out for him.

The coroner's report would put the bereaved husband on the spot--or near enough to provide the opportunity. The sheriff knew he had to find a motive for the crime he was convinced had been committed.

That biblical "root of all evil" just didn't seem to fit. There was not much chance that this had been a case of top-heavy life insurance. He soon learned that the undertaker had checked that angle and drew a blank.

The French have an expression for it. So, it looked like it might be well to bend an ear around here and there to find out if there was another woman in the case. It took but little effort to sift out local gossip. True enough, the family had needed some domestic help when the stork fluttered down on its last journey to the stricken home. Some said that the big bird alighted there as often as the tax assessor.

The girl that had helped out, in that annual "emergency," was just grown up enough to become a domestic servant--to hire out, to put it in common parlance. The talk revealed that this girl had liked the job right--well--as she was required to remain on the premises.

If this had been an investigation that would follow the standard form, the sheriff would just lift the 'phone and bark out an order to "put a tail on both of 'em--around the clock." He lacked that kind of help.

And, before much time had passed, the husband who had lost his wife so tragically, and the comely miss who had served as the maid, just disappeared. It could have been coincidental, but the sheriff was right well convinced that it was not. Now, he could charge the man with child-abandonment--enough excuse for an attempt to apprehend him.

When young folks leave home, the sheriff reasoned, they soon write letters. They need a little help, or else they like to sound off about how well they like their new surroundings--or think they will. The sheriff always "clamed up" about just how he captured a letter from the girl--trade secret, he called it. But, he had the letter, and it was a prize specimen.

To that untraveled girl, a rooming house in Mattoom seemed as far from home as a remote village in Outer Mongolia. She told how the "accidental" drowning had been planned, and ranted about how "Sweet" it was of him to hold her under. And, as he

Businessmen's Farm Tour This Thursday

The Perry County Farm Bureau according to Winton Bighan Secy., will conduct a businessmen's tour of county farms. The tour will start at 9 a. m. for

could get work in the broomcorn fields, they would "live happily ever after," or words of like import.

It was a simple matter to look up the return address. And, as the official expressed it, he "brought the lice" back with him. And, there was no long drawn out criminal procedure. The accused readily confessed. To use his words, he "wanted to get shut of her so that he could live with his new found girl friend."

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Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

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The judge said life imprisonment--at hard labor. Some were of the opinion that he should hang.

The sheriff had but one regret. He could only hope that, where that girl would operate, the madam would not leave her the price of chewing gum. He gloried in the job of delivering the convicted prisoner to the pen. He had felt deep compassion for some offenders he had handed over to the guards, but not for this one; even if he was in there "from now on."

The sheriff said he would hate to see some "mealy-mouthed do-gooder" talk the parole board into showing that brute any leniency, time. He like to picture him as cartoons depict convicts--his head shaven as smooth as a billiard ball, and wearing stripes. He liked to think of him as working on the rock pile day after day; swinging a hefty sledge, until he burished its handle slick as glass with his calloused hands. Cracking rock--"making little ones out of big ones,"--that was what they called it. And, he chuckled at the thought, that will be his only way--from now on.

Su M. Ev S FI C M (Y E T I

109

Random Recollection

OF

8/31/67

STANLEY G. SMITH

Someone else might delve into old records. That would be the way to find out when this unusual case was tried in circuit court. Anyone well informed about theatrical history would know, from the testimony, that it happened long ago--when Lillian Russell was on tour with her own production.

And, streamlined trains had not appeared upon the scene. The edict of Hettie Greene, according to the old ballad, had not been enforced. Remember that old song? "What did Hettie Greene say befo' she died? Fix up dem blinds so da bums kaint ride." Bums could ride "blind baggage" then, and some did.

Lillian Russell's show, as it is recalled, was enroute south from St. Louis on what we always called the midnight train. One or more baggage cars were loaded with the scenery, property and costumes for the big production. Shows like that were not unusual then--in the larger cities. Even Du Quoin's Majestic Theatre, in its days of glory, attracted the best of them. True enough, the

outfit would pass this place by, "like a pay car passing a tramp," to use an old railroad saying.

The night this show outfit was on its way, four youngsters from St. Louis also decided on a journey southward. New Orleans was their destination. These lads, it would appear, were city boys, but hardly of the sissy type. They may have been a bit too young to be full fledged members of Eagin's Rats, or of Jellyroll Hogan's mob, but they had that sort of future in prospect.

From the names and the appearance of these youngsters, one might surmise that to all of them, home meant crowded rooms from which they might look down upon three gleaming brass balls, suspended in a triangular form. For their journey to New Orleans, these lads were not the kind that might prowls the east side yards and find an empty on a hotshot freight train headed south, or pick out a tank car so that they could play ring-around-the-rosie with the head shag, or a yard bull. Not them. They would stow away on blind baggage, or top "the varnished cars." Big shots--even if still in their teens.

By some ingenious method, these four youngsters broke into the car that carried the property of that then great actress. Just how it was determined that the "breaking and entering" took place in Perry county is no longer clear--if it ever was. And, as this was an interstate shipment, it seems that it should have been a federal offense.

At any rate, the four tough customers were apprehended, and, pending trial, they lingered in the county jail. Of the four, one was the outstanding leader. He was, at least in his own opinion, a promising pugilist--flyweight, featherweight, or maybe bantam weight--jockey size. And, he could shadow box to prove it.

Came time for the trial. The three followers of the would-be fighter weakened. Perhaps upon advise of council, they "threw themselves upon the mercy of the court." This leader, "Izzie," maybe, would have no part of a guilty plea. After all, he had a job to go to in New Orleans--sparing partner for some bigtime boxer in his class. That he would be too--when he got his chance.

The judge and jury were not even mildly interested in the career this lad anticipated, in New Orleans or in any other boxing centers. It was the order of the court that he be incarcerated in the state reformatory at Pontiac, as it was then designated. The youngster was called upon to stand and face the judge and to receive his sentence.

When the judge had performed his duty, his little lecture ended with a bang of the gavel and the order--"Sheriff, take charge of the prisoner." The kid looked stuned. The front window on the westside of the court room was wide open. The day was warm. The summer breeze swayed the branches of a tall maple just beyond the window. That kid took one look toward the officer approaching him to do his duty, and one look at the window. He decided to take a chance. With a running leap, he almost cleared the window. No one had much time to compute the odds that he would reach the tree and get away or bloody up the brick walk beneath the window.

A few strong men, seated nearby, were just barely quick enough to grab that kid by the ankles and slam him down on the floor. Four strong men carried him, face down, back to the lockup. And, in all probability, he soon became a contender for the championship of his weight class--at Pontiac.

Just who they got to be the needed sparing mate in New Orleans was of no particular interest. One that the scales might have qualified did not apply.

And, it might have been just as well if the alert gentlemen who kept the kid from jumping out the window had just kept their seats and let him squish.

PERRY COUNTY ADVOCATE

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Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

County officials are important personalities. They occupy positions of importance. They must, therefore, conduct themselves with dignity. That would be another rule to which there are occasional exceptions.

Some who work hard must also play hard, just to relieve the mounting tension. Those whose duties involve the solemnity of courts of record may, at times, feel the urge to play some prank just to break the monotony. It might be some harmless little trick pulled on some other court house attache, or, in a playful mood, some innocent traveling salesman might become involved. That happened in this incident.

The man who called at intervals to peddle office supplies had been exceptionally persistent. He may have been behind his quota. Anyway, he seemed to be a bit too parsimonious. It was his day to work this town, then to journey on to Chester. The trip out from St. Louis had dumped him at the depot with his heavy sample case and the big cowhide valise that held his personal belongings. He denied Bill Duncan the thin dime it cost to ride the hack, and lugged his baggage the long mile to the court house.

The big satchel, stowed behind the stove, was left gaping open, for no apparent reason. It was in midsummer, but the stove stood unmolested--well filled with scrap paper and cigar butts. On the floor, nearby, there stood a stack of bricks--useful in cold weather

as foot-warmers for the frail official.

In due time, the persistent peddler concluded his solicitation around about the building, and sought relief from the oppressive temperature. The official knew the salesman's quest for relief would be a time-consuming process. He would undoubtedly enhance the luster of the worn brass footrail at the adjacent bar. He would remain there long enough to guaff several foaming steins, working out intricate patterns of interlacing wet circles on the mahogany. He would take his time.

With a few deft movements, the official removed, with care, the salesman's weekly allotment of clean shirts, his shaving gear and such, and placed a layer of bricks in the bottom of the case, and then tucked the stuff back in where it belonged.

When the salesman finally returned, listing slightly to the port side, it was time to hasten on his way. After all, he had to walk another mile or so to board the evening train to Chester. That would be at the then W. C. & W. depot--sometimes called the Wait, Charlie, and Walk, or the Wooden Axle.

When he lifted the over-loaded satchel, he complained about the weight. The official taunted him with the remark that "Father Time" and "John Barleycorn" were catching up with him. Thereupon, he put on a show of strength, and started bravely on his way.

The official, with unholy glee, visualized the salesman's journey with the handicap imposed on him by the load of bricks. He could see him changing hands, about where the board sidewalk was a bridge near Louie Weingarth's horselot--and at increasingly frequent intervals thereafter. He figured that, by the time he struggled past "Squire" Breeze's place, he would want to relax in the barrell stove hammock that was stretched there in the shady yard. But, he would struggle on up the hill and down the track, and have Jake Hyde sell him a ticket on the west bound "accommodation."

When that little locomotive hissed its sigh of relief at the Chester depot--then just down the hill below the court house--and back a piece from the Eagle Packet warehouse--then that salesman would really have his trouble. The route between Chester-Under-The-Hill and Chester-On-The-Hill, for this weary traveler, would be right up that long flight of steep steps--a task to tire the strongest man, even if unimpeded with over-loaded luggage.

Laboriously, the over-burdened salesman made his way to the Grandview, up the hill, adjacent to the court house. He had passed up the old St. James, under the hill. The room he drew was one of the more artistic. The bowl and pitcher and the slop jar matches. And, when he stripped off to freshen up, and scrub the cinders from his ears, he dug into the satchel that had been so heavy when he started and heavier as his journey continued. Then he found it paved with brick.

Some jokes can backfire like an old beatup Model T. The irate salesman tipped the porter for a supply of wrapping paper and cord. He hunted up the most impressive label in his sample case, and fixed up one nice heavy package for the man he knew had pulled the trick.

Next day, the playful county officer accepted an impressive looking express package--C. O. D. He could still warm his feet, come winter.

Random Recollection

OF 94 41

STANLEY G. SMITH

"Court Week," even now, may have some meaning for county officials and court house attaches. They have added duties when the courts convene. Casual observers of the passing scene may note the presence of a few more attorneys, lugging brief cases, and surmise that court is in session, but people not involved are unconcerned.

There was a time when the occasional sessions seemed to be of greater public interest. People came to town from miles around. The morning trains would have coach loads of passengers. They would form a procession a block long, and trudge the mile long brick sidewalk from the depot to the square. The post-and-rail hitchrack, around the court house yard, would be fully occupied.

In the court yard, which seemed much bigger then, people seemed to like to stand around and visit, renew acquaintances, or just hunker down in the cool shade and whittle, swap yarns--and pocket knives. The ground was bare and smooth, up near the court house walls--ideal for marble games. Salt water spilled from the big freezers that functioned at the frequent "Ice cream Socials" and "Strawberry Festivals" helped to keep down the natural growth of dogfennel and other vegetation. Nice Place.

The jaffer's wife, in those days, had to know when court was to know when court was to convene, and stock up on supplies. In addition to feeding prisoners, she had to operate a part-time boarding house--and be ready to feed the jury upon demand. Some claimed that her good cooking could wield a lot of influence on any jury. When she came up with an exceptionally good big pot full of chicken and dumplings, the "twelve good men and true" took that into consideration along with the testimony placed before them. In their solemn deliberations, they would unanimously agree to disagree long enough to clip the county for as many of such feeds as they were able to obtain.

Court officials, in spite of all of their impressive dignity, would have their lighter moments. All appreciate relief from tension. Although beset with serious problems and faced with obligations to render important decisions, they, like other, liked to have a little fun.

College students, at times, had to undergo unpleasant hazing in order to belong. A rooky roundhouse callboy might be directed on a futile round of boiler rooms at distant points, lugging a heavy can of ordinary coaloil to exchange for an urgently needed supply of "redlight oil." Before becoming a firmly established printer's devil in any print shop, the beginner might be sent to the opposition shop to borrow "Italic" quads, or a chase stretcher. And, he always had to learn to scan the form in search of "type lice."

So, in the otherwise solemn temple of justice, a beginner baliffor perhaps a new assistant to the clerk of the court, had to undergo his initiation. It might become a little bit embarrassing to him, and lower his estimate of his new found importance, but he would not die from it.

It could happen that some individuals would be called out from the ever-present crowd of innocent bystanders for jury duty, or possibly as a witness in some litigation. That may have been why some of the many that stood around were there. A few dollars earned that way would come in handy.

The "cub" would be duly impressed with the importance of his obligation to the public. Some veteran official, in all seriousness, would provide the victim of this prank with the scribbled name of the citizen to be summoned. Protocol demanded that the name be called out clearly, from the court room window, so that all around could hear and understand it. It was essential that the name resounded thrice--like the long-established "Oh Yez, Oh Yez, Oh Yez" that had to be sung out when court was opened--and when the polls were closed.

Properly instructed, the ambitious beginner would advance to the window and sound off--"I. M. Green--I. M. Green--I. M. Green." The only response from the assembly in the court house yard would be a few derisive shouts of agreement with that public confession, and a round of laughter. His associates would assure him he would mature, eventually.

Or, by way of variety, the instructing officer might make a change in the middle initial--and the butt of the joke would be advised to consult a physician, without delay. To "C" green was serious.

Departures from the arduous duties of litigation. Barristers could settle down to the coffee break, with a few good

Random Recollection

OF

99/21/61

STANLEY G. SMITH

Every man is entitled to his day in court--a part of our great heritage. All cherish it. Some need it. But then, there is that story about the citizen who relinquished that privilege. He did so willingly. It was upon advice of counsel. He may have pondered over the problem about a second.

This individual may not have been an exemplary character. Testimony of the arresting officer, substantiated by that of various assorted witnesses for the prosecution, would imply that he had been a little on the unethical side. The judge and jury had heard all of the details about how he had been apprehended in the midst of a little job of stealing.

The attorney for the defense knew it looked bad for his client. The evidence sounded too convincing. He might manage to get some of the witnesses a bit confused, on cross examination, but the jury just looked like one that was ready to convict the man in spite of all that he could do.

It was all true enough that he had a bevy of character witnesses all lined up for action, and all were well rehearsed. They had known the defendant many years. They were willing to testify, under oath, that, thruout the years, they had never seen him steal candy from a baby; filsh acorns from a blind sow, or pilfer pennies off of the eyelids of his dead mother.

The court room was well filled with interested spectators. Some stood in the isles, and leaned against the walls. They blocked such ventilation as the open windows might provide. The room was just plain hot-stifling. Even the judges seemed to suffer from the heat. And, the portly bailiff, his chair tilted against the wall beside the

door, looked like he might have had a hard night, and would find it hard to struggle thru the day.

The defendant, a mild mannered individual, was not the kind the law felt called upon to manacle or shackle. He sat at ease at the long table. He was having his day. His friends, relatives and the general run of court house loafers could see him, seated beside the attorney he had retained. Even the single door, opening from the hallway into the front part of the court room, within the low railing, was well blocked by spectators--his potential witnesses; his "cheering section."

The attorney had his own record to defend--as well as his client. And, it was firmly in the record that he had been caught in the act--with the goods on. It did look bad.

The able defender tiptoed over to the half-dozing bailiff, slipped him a little cash and whispered some instructions, gesticulating to indicate directions to the west and south. It developed later that he had directed the minion of the law to buy a pocket full of cigars for him, at a bar over on Walnut Street--and to take his time, and perhaps cool off a bit, as he would not be needed until the noon intermission.

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When the prosecution felt that no more damaging evidence was needed, the judge called for the defense. Counselor for the defense arose and, with all his his dramatic skill, simulated an impending case of heat prostration. It was so good an act the judge felt like he too was bout to pass out. The attorney pleaded for a brief intermission--in order that he might consult with additional witnesses, and for a brief respite from the heat. The court gladly granted the request, banged his gavel, and sought such comfort as the seclusion of the judge's chamber would afford. The crowd slowly drifted out and down the stairs--and that included the defendant and his able attorney.

In lieu of following the throng to the south door and to that part of the court yard, the attorney gave the puzzled defendant the nod to move deliberately to the comparative solitude of the north door. There, he pointed out his nice new touring car--one of the few around, and asked the defendant if he knew how to drive. "Sure do--yes sah," said the prisoner. The attorney handed over his keys, told him to drive to St. Johns, park it, and catch the first freight that came along--and stay gone.

"First off," the defendant argued, "I gotta go back to the jailhouse and get me myl' ole bundle of clothes." The lawyer, a bit irked at that idea, protested, "You go back for your clothes, you'll not need them, maybe for fourteen long years--then you get a new suit, anyway."

About the time the car had rattled the criss-crossed braces on the iron bridge, the brief recess ended. The judge again asked if the defense was ready to resume.

The attorney, apparently completely recovered from the effect of the heat, arose in all his majesty. He thanked the judge, and paused a moment, to collect his thought, or for effect. His gaze was toward the ceiling, like he might be imploring aid from on high, or counting the dust laden cobwebs. His nose was elevated as if to avoid the perfume on his necktie.

"Your honor," he intoned, "Plans for the defense, at this time, appear subject to a departure from the routine--due, one might say, to a departure. Therefore, if it please the court, I would petition that this case be continued for service--in the absence of the defendant." He gestured, gracefully, to indicate the vacancy beside his chair.

The dumbfounded jurist, noting the lack of a defendant--and of the bailiff who was presumed to have him in custody, granted the request--and probably saved the state a lot of money. Some other state might have him to support.

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Random Recollection

OF

STANLEY G. SMITH

New stories in old papers can recall recollections. Mention of a July 4th celebration, in 1901, for instance. It reads like this:

"Fifty-five tickets to Sheller were sold on July 4 by Station Agent Don Davis of the W. C. & W. A. heavy rain fell on the 500 patrons assembled there. There was no shelter, hence great damage was

done to wearing apparel. It is estimated that not less than \$500 worth of summer hats ruined, an occurrence over which no tears will be spilled by dealers in ladies' and gentlemen's lids."

"That's all there is--there ain't no more," insofar as Roy Alden knew about it. If 55 bought tickets, only 54 tired, wet, bedraggled celebraters got off of the train here that evening. The 55th, the self-appointed mascot of the town band, well, he went "that-a-way," but it started out as a gala occasion.

That celebration, at Sheller Lake, had as its prime attraction, the justly celebrated Pinckneyville band. And, at that time, where the band palyed, the kid brother of two of its members was determined to tag along. So, all decked out in a nice straw sailer hat, white waist and knee britches, the band follower was among the 55. Seems like there were more who clambered into the ornate coaches of the "Wooden Axle" that fine morning. It is all ture enough that the coaches coupled up with links and pins, and that the brakes were set by twisting on a wheel with a special variety of elm club, but a train ride was a treat. A limited supply of the little, nickle-a-bunch fire crackers contributed to the gaiety of the occasion.

Enroute, an experiment of profound significance was attempted. It might be termed a project in acoustical research. An observing youngster noted that the big bass drum had little round air vents in the wood veneer shell. Further investigation revealed that the little air holes was just about enough to admit a little fire cracker. It may be that the drummer was not looking--or looking where he looked like he was looking. Worth trying. One little bang can be a big loud boom--inside a drum.

Some noted orator may have spoken at that celebration. Who cared? The band was there, and it was a big day--hot dogs and sodapop, with the spring wire and rubber gasket stoppers. Lots of fun--until it rained. The bandstand, erected for the occasion, near the lake, was all decked out with bunting. If its colors came from Putnam's Fadeless Dyes, Putnam lied. When that rain came, the red and blue got all over everybody's clothes. It was one of those cloudburst, gully-washer downpours, and there was no place to find shelter.

The assembly had to stick it out--all soaking wet. And, it turned off cool. Wet clothing can be so uncomfortable. The band started to play again, to try to cheer up the bedraggled throng. The drums could only imitate the sound effect of tapping a wet towel with a damp sponge.

third welcomed the pathetic looking misplaced person. They had some dry clothing that would fit a high school football player much better, but they felt warm and comfortable while the mess that had been July 4th finery dried behind the kitchen stove. The wanderer mooched a good warm meal, a place to sleep, and breakfast. The Sheller citizen, thus imposed upon, didn't think his cow would hold still for a little town boy's attempt to do the milking, but a job of stable cleaning seemed to be about enough to square up the account. And, in due time, the morning train for Pinckneyville, came in. The ticket, even if it was all wet, provided passage. That was sixty years ago. Many turns have been made since--some just as wrong as the one made in that frenzied crowd at Sheller Lake. Now, as then, some of us, if any place else, would value highly, a ticket bearing thirteen letters--PINCKNEYVILLE.

MUST OF THE CROWD MOVED ENMASSE TO THE RAILROAD TRACK--JUST ITCHING to get aboard the train for home--that included the mascot. When it stoped, there was a lot of pushing and shoving, and the coaches were packed with people. Then, belatedly, there came the realization that the people were all total strangers. That train was moving in the wrong direction--Pinckneyville was the other way.

At Sheller station--right down in the loop of that community--another train on the pass track was pulling out as the Mt. Vernon bound special pulled in. One agile grownup who had made the same mistake was big enough to hop off and on the moving trains safely. The mascot's legs were so short that such a feat appeared impossible. So, one of the 55 got off the train at Sheller station--wet, tired cold and hungry. Not one cent in cash, but with one valued possession--a water-soaked return ticket that read to PINCKNEYVILLE. Every one of the thirteen letters looked mighty good. The space beneath the depot platform looked like a poor place to sleep, in wet clothes and on wet ground. The first two doors knocked on closed in the face of a youngster seeking shelter. The

Random Recollection

OF
STANLEY G. SMITH

10/12/61

Some may like to share the pleasure of perusing an old copy of the Advocate and recall memories of other days. The issue of Jan., 23, 1902 is an interesting edition.

The date is C. B. Davis--presumably "the late," he was well up in the 90's some thirty years ago, and still going strong--anyway, he was then the editor. He did not play it up, but did reprint a little blurb about himself that had been published in Farina News, a paper he had run for twenty years.

The editorial page of that issue carried about two columns of short editorials--from most of which one would conclude that Mr. Davis was a Republican. There are bits of history therein. For example, none of them.

"The Postoffice Department has selected the counties of Peoria and Vermilion in Illinois for an experiment in universal rural free delivery and inspectors have been sent out to arrange for putting the system into effect. The department has tried this county system in one county in Pennsylvania and one in Maryland. It has so far been successful and it is to be tried in the two counties named in Illinois because each has evenly distributed population with good roads. If it proves successful in Vermilion and Peoria counties it will be established in other counties of the state."

That experiment, then highly controversial, must have been considered successful in the test counties. Perry county had it soon after. But, the pioneer mail carriers had their troubles.

Another item tells of the "prodigious endurance of President and Mrs. Roosevelt." It goes on to explain they held a reception both greeted nearly 3,000 guests--than attended the theater in the

evening. That was not Franklin Delano and Eleanor.

In that issue, the Beaucoup District correspondent mentioned that "A traveling party passed through this section last Saturday afternoon with three large bears." Remember when traveling performers appeared that way? A big bear, on a chain, would clutch a heavy pole and dance around a circle, clumsy, but obedient to its master. The showman passed his hat for contributions--"Buckin," they called it. That was one way to eat.

The advertisements in this old issue are of interest. The Hoffman and Doerr Furniture, on Walnut Street, had an ornate two-color display. The standard upright folding beds, with a large mirror, \$15.00. Extension tables brought \$2.25 up. There was a special assortment of kitchen chairs--25¢ each. Rockers were 60¢. For a fancy bed rocker--there were only a few left at \$2.00.

Professional ethics, at that time, did not prevent Dr. Emmet Peyton from having a little display add that explained just how he extracted teeth painlessly--and with no after effects.

The paper carries a picture and almost a column about Dr. H. P. Huntsinger, the reappointed as postmaster. It would take that much to tell all about that distinguished citizen. It gave his war record--which revealed that, at one time, he had been taken prisoner, but the captors, finding that he was suffering from a fever, would, left him on the battlefield, as dead. The story lists numerous engagements in which Huntsinger took part, including the celebrated march from Atlanta to the Sea.

Many of us knew the good doctor well. This recollector, so they have related, was one of the many citizens first spanked on the rear, while upended, by the kind old gentleman. Anyway, he was a great one to make on over youngsters; handed out campaign buttons, liberally, and, in his day, was "Mr. Republican" hereabouts--Six times county chairman--and that may be a record. The blurb about him mentions his activity in the operation of the Pinckneyville Electric Light Company--the concern that had the power plant off Kaskaskia street, near the coopershop. He was then head of the Southern Illinois Medical Assn.; active school board member, prominent Mason--all manner of accomplishments--quite a man, Dr. Huntsinger. And, as he is recalled, there was nothing pompous about him--looked about like the little old medic "Guns smoke." But--a sabre wound--that was unkind. That was way wars were fought in his day.

Random Recollection

OF

10/19/61

STANLEY G. SMITH

Another way to get a kick out of reading old newspapers is to observe how far wrong they were. Forecasts are often incorrect. Turf selections and official results, just one day later, may illustrate the point.

Here is another illustration:

"The Interurban Line Said to be an Assured Fact--Work to Start Right Away on Road from East St. Louis to Pinckneyville."

That page-one, top of column headline greeted local readers in Jan., 1912--"The Bull Moose Year," if any need reminding.

The story reads, in part, as follows:

"W. E. Trautman, district U. S. attorney, and president of the Southern Traction Company, in an interview Tuesday, gives forth information that is highly encouraging to Marissa and all towns along the Illinois Central from East St. Louis to Pinckneyville."

"Attorney Trautman had just returned from Chicago, where in consultation with the contractors, he had drawn up the specifications and commenced the buying of material for the construction of the road."

"Actual construction work will begin just as soon as the weather conditions permit----"

The yarn goes on to expand upon another announcement to the effect that the McKinley system had plans to tap the Southern Illinois coal fields, and to deny a rumor that Southern Traction was about to sell its franchise to the McKinley interests.

Since Jan., 25, 1912, when the above was published here, there have been many days on which weather conditions would have permitted construction of another railroad line. They used mule teams, bulltongued plows and slip scrapers on jobs of that kind then. Evenso, after due deliberation, it would appear that now, hope for this project dims.

Our good friend of other years, Jos. A. Brey, published that bit of what now appears to be misinformation. But, like all conservative newspaper men, Joe tied a string to it. He quoted "Marissa Searchlight." And, any copy of that now long defunct--defunct is right--publication, carried on its masthead the same name as the one that heads this column.

Southern Traction Co., if memory serves a bit more accurately than did forecasts of things to come, was but one of several proposed electric interurban lines that were in the blueprint or stock-selling stage when this century was young.

Among others, one promoted just a few years sooner, was the Belleville & Pinckneyville Electric Line. Just who all helped finance that fruitless effort to provide more transportation is not entirely clear. Dr. Geo. F. Meade was one of the local enthusiasts.

This ill-fated project did get far enough along to have a survey made. They staked out to run the lines from Pinckneyville. The good doctor saw to that. And, he arranged to find employment for some local people in the survey party.

One Edgar "Poodle" Smith, no relation, was in the party--up ahead, part-time head rodman, and part-time wielding a corn-knife to remove obstructing vegetation.

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The life of the party was "Li' Hen," now the sedate, portly and somewhat infirm Henry Gladson, retired from city service. Henry had a lot of work to do. He would begin his day lugging along enough laths to line a bedroom, and a heavy handax. He drove the stakes.

But, Henry had another, more important task. The party was to get its meals along the way, at the most convenient and adequate location. First day out, came time for dinner, (lunch to you, maybe.) Henry had his first assignment in that detail of his duties. He approached the parental home of the Matzenbacher family and began negotiations for a meal, forthwith, for ten hungry men. (There was an 'elevation' crew along with the transit party.)

Mrs. Matzenbacher, at first, could not quite see her way clear to fix up a good meal for so many men on such short notice. Her first excuse was that she would be unable to come up with enough meat to make that many meals. Henry was persistent--and hungry. He just kept on insisting. The men needed a meal, and the company would pay the bill.

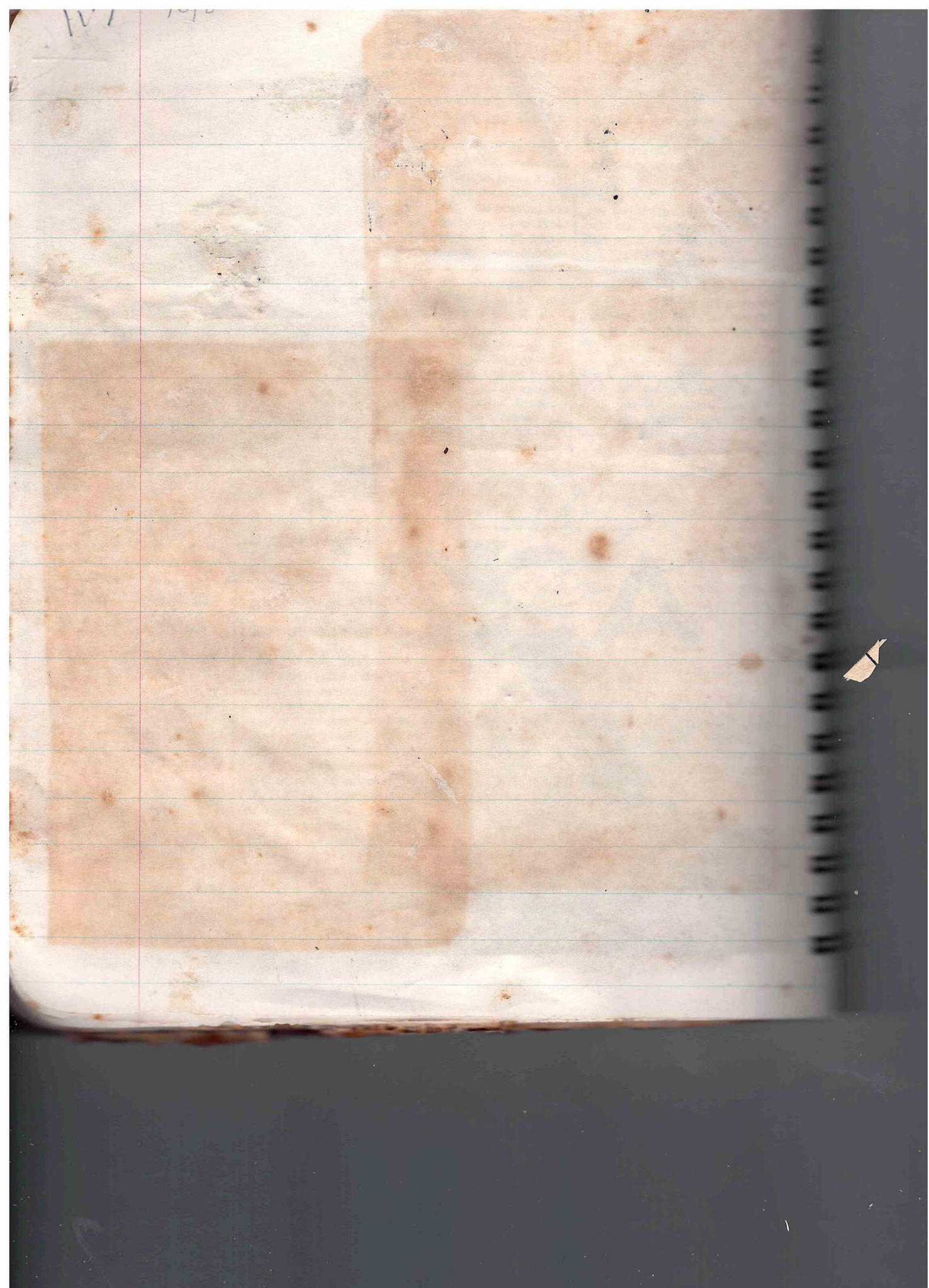
Billingsly, "Old Whiskers," we called him, was the man who had to be around to pay the bills and keep the crew happy. But, he was not called upon to make the arrangements. That was Henry's job.

Unable to hold out against Gladson's insistence, the reluctant hostess finally agreed. "Well," she said, "I could fry up a few chickens."

Henry drooled-- "Well--guess we can make out on fried chicken for one meal."

That fried chicken hit the spot. That part is not guesswork nor idle rumor. One pair of hands that manhandled the abundant supply of drumsticks also balanced the "back flag" on that party--and typed these lines.

What this country needs is more Mrs. Matzenbachers.



Random Recollection

OF
STANLEY G. SMITH

In attempting to recall and to portray customs and conditions they were but are not, perhaps it would be well to be more thorough. The ancient and honorable custom of maintaining family milk cows here in town, now fortunately obsolete, has been brought to attention. But, that little detail of conveying the stock to and from the pastures was not discussed sufficiently. The younger

generation might be amazed to see dozens of cows traversing the streets and alleys as they did years ago.

There were two schools of thought concerning methods of taking cows to pasture and bringing them home safely. Some of the more sedate citizens lead their cows with ropes and halters, or a strap affixed around the horns. Youngsters who picked up a little revenue from driving cows for others disapproved. That would be no fun at all, and did not look a bit like a real cowboy.

Youngsters, with standard equipment to drive the cows to pasture had long whips, perhaps fashioned from discarded buggy harness reins, and with a long "whang" or lace-leather lash. With practice, they became proficient with this weapon, and could pluck a fly from the real elevation of a cow with one flick of the lash. At times, a length of borrowed clothesline, or cotton sashcord, became a lariat, or lasso, and some became proficient twirlers. Some could rope a cow or calf with ease. Some went in for fancy twirling in the best Will Rogers manner. That was one way to show off.

These gentle cows, trained to lead, perhaps gave their owners much less trouble, but no one could see that there was any fun in it for them. Some did not transport their cows at all. The cows just spent the summers in the pastures. Owners would trudge down to the pastures, early in the morning and late in the evening, to do the milking and lug home the milk. At times, they took along a pail of feed to supplement the grass diet, and to make the cow stand still for the task of milking. And, there was little chance for any excitement in that procedure.

Pasture owners permitted this, perhaps upon the theory that one cow would eat no more grass in 24 hours than in 12. But, some may question this--especially if it is not the same cow on both shifts. There was the yarn about the man who owned twin-sister cows, identical in looks. One spent the daylight hours on pasture and languished in the barn all night. The other grazed at night--two pasture rentals for the price of one.

Many little episodes beset the kids that drove the cows. Some were a bit aggravating--or at times, embarrassing. Some cows, at times, played "piggy-back," perhaps for half a block, until the well-placed lash distracted them. Some were prone, at times, to invade restricted areas. There was, for example, the front yard of the home of Mrs. Fisher--she of the club feet and an acid tongue, when she expressed herself in her native language. She had a clump

in the yard, where Mulberry street thick flowering shrubs were, in the splendid place to brush against to lady learned to await this invasion of rocks at the cows--and drivers--while, she carried on a tirade thating down strange curses on the in--would suggest attempting to keep flies.

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of lilac and snowball bushes in the yard, where Mulberry street ends at the Loos place. These thick flowering shrubs were, in the opinion of the passing cows, a splendid place to brush against to get relief from flies. The old lady learned to await this invasion and would struggle out and throw rocks at the cows--and drivers--with but little accuracy. Meanwhile, she carried on a tirade that sounded like she might be calling down strange curses on the invaders of her property. No one would suggest attempting to keep the cows from scratching off the flies.

Then, there was the time that one cow was delivered to its owner with all four legs white with plaster. Building operations differed then. They were erecting the Hincke building, Main and Mulberry. The ornate front indicates that was in 1898. The plasterer had to let the quicklime cook and season perhaps two weeks or more. When water was added, it seethed and boiled and sent up acrid fumes.

A big bed of this seething mass attracted the curiosity of one unruly cow. She had to investigate, for this was something new and different. Maybe the cow thought it was some new kind of hot bran mash--if cows ever do think anything. Anyway, she paused to make a thorough inspection. Her head was lowered to sniff the stuff, her legs bunched up as if in shape to leap if anything went wrong. These cows were not too many generations from the breed that ranged free, unimpeded by fences. Most of them were a little on the untamed order.

The dutiful "cowboy," observing the delay, applied the usual remedy. A prominent spot on the most prominent portion of the cow's anatomy, when approached from the rear, provided a splendid target for the lash. The motion, like unto that employed in "pegging second," was brought into play, with emphasis. The biting flick of the lace-leather lash lifted a welt right on the assigned spot. The cow skidded in the seething lime.

The good hardworking housewife who tended the cow was not at all pleased with the lime coating one the cows legs, and the splatters of it on the underside and flanks. She had to give the cow a bath.

It may be that, then, the lady who had to be the maid in waiting for a cow would have appreciated a chance to pick up her supply of milk at the dairy counter. Could be.

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(119 to 125. Gold Brook - John A. Bowlin book)

Advocate's Honolulu Correspondent Gets 50 Year Vet Jewel

Percy B. Smith, "Honolulu Correspondent" of the Advocate, reports that he has been awarded the 50-year Veteran's Jewel of Odd Fellowship.

Presentation of this badge of distinction, in the 50th State, was in behalf of Wildey Lodge No. 2, St. Louis, Mo., to which Smith has belonged since 1908. The officers of that historic lodge belatedly, discovered from their records that this honor was due.

From Smith's account of the presentation ceremonies, it was somewhat in the nature of a "This-is-Your-Life," (in Odd Fellowship) affair. From the old records, present officials of the historic St. Louis lodge prepared a script for a Honolulu lodge to use in honoring their member. It brought out the fact that Smith was instrumental in organizing an Odd Fellows lodge in Illmo, Mo., and served as its first secretary; that he became a member of Wildey No. 2 in 1908.

From the records, the presentation address pointed out that, in his years of activity in the organization, in St. Louis, Smith had represented his lodge on an all St. Louis degree team representing that city at the Souverin Grand Lodge. This city-wide "all-star" cast won outstanding recognition. Reference was also made to his service on the city-wide relief committee of the organization.

The local lodge, called upon to confer the honor, the communication states, claims origin in 1848. The story is that a sailing ship, on a voyage from the eastern seaboard to the Pacific coast, was storm driven to the then Sandwich Islands, of the group, one had acquired a dispensation to institute a lodge anywhere in the West. With some stranded seamen, the lodge was formed in Honolulu, and retains its identity.

